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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Bombing of Civilians

Hitler sternly admonishes the British that his air attacks on London are in retaliation for their "aimless" bombing of civilians. Meanwhile, in spite of the heavy toll of civilian casualties in Britain, the Reichswehr announces that it is aiming only at military objectives. All this is a lot of murderous nonsense. We are confident that the RAF has no flyers or bombs to waste in destroying dwellings when it is straining every nerve to hamper the invasion that Britain dreads. We are just as confident, however, that bombers forced to operate at great heights by anti-aircraft defense, and aiming in the dark at military objectives in thickly populated districts, cannot avoid hitting noncombatants. Hitler knew this when he ordered the night raids on London. His act of retaliation no doubt includes a calculated intent to intimidate the civilian population, while claiming that his conduct is more correct than that of his enemy.

France Overseas

The men who rule the French colonies are caught between the horns of a dilemma. If they remain faithful to Marshal Pétain and his befuddled Cabinet, they are not only serving Hitler but losing money for their pains, since their territories are bankrupt and cut off from the trade of the world. On the other hand, if they fight for General de Gaulle and hence for the British Empire, they run the risk of being tried and shot as traitors in case Britain loses the war.

A few colonies—all at a great distance from the homeland—have decided to accept that risk. New Caledonia, Tahiti, French India and French Equatorial Africa have declared war on Germany, though only the last of these has much strategic importance. French Indo-China would probably go the same way, if it could be sure of British or American support. In the West Indies, Guadeloupe and Martinique are hesitating; the second of these islands would be a rich prize because a French aircraft carrier in the harbor has a cargo of 130 American bombing planes. As for French Morocco, the rumors of revolt there have come almost entirely from fascist sources, and are therefore to be mistrusted. It looks as if the Germans were merely seeking an excuse to invade the country and use it as another base from which to attack British shipping. The situation in the French colonies as a whole is still in the balance; its outcome depends on the Battle of Britain. If the British stop the Germans over London, they can stop them in Syria and Morocco.

As Maine Goes, So Goes Maine

Nobody any longer says "As Maine goes, so goes the nation"; the lesson of 1936 is too fresh in the public memory. Nowadays the only interest is the size of the Republican majority, as possibly indicating a trend. This year, the experts said that the Republican majority should be above 65 percent to be significant. The returns are not complete as we go to press, though there is no doubt that the Republicans gained heavily over their vote four years ago. It is doubtful, however, whether the final total will be higher than 65 percent; preliminary figures showed

CONTENTS

The Week 367

Editorials
- Can Britain Hold Out? 371
- Willkie Is Slipping 372

General Articles
- Mr. Willkie Pleads Guilty 373
- Get Tough, Mr. President! . . . Bruce Bliven 377
- Province of Quebec . . . . Maurice Lenoir 379
- Britain in the Near East . . . . Albert Viton 381
- Letters from England . . . Valentine Ackland 383
- Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 384
- Other People's Money . . . John T. Flynn 384
- Hitchcock in Hollywood . . . Otis Ferguson 385
- The Bandwagon 386

Correspondence 387

Books in Review
- Trust-Buster's White Paper . . . Max Lerner 389
- The Death-Wish (verse) . . . Louis MacNeice 390
- Both Sides of the China Sea . Isidor Schneider 391
- Mr. Butler Remembers . Dickinson S. Miller 391
- Why France Fell . . . . Norbert Guterman 392
- Why England Slept . . . . . Nigel Dennis 393
- Easy Come . . . . . Otis Ferguson 393
- A Reader's List 394

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only 59 percent for Senator and 64 percent for Governor. In any case, the presidential election is still nearly two months away; much can happen in that length of time.

Win with Wendell

We have some interesting reading matter from the National Sales Executives' Committee to Elect Guess Who. They're selling buttons at 30 cents each. For executives they have a button that says Willkie; but for salesmen the button, except shape, color and price, merely says League of American Salesmen. As the brochure points out, this doesn't give away a salesman's "political leanings" (might have to sell a Fuller floor mop to a workingman). Then they've got a pamphlet on how to get the hooks into prosperity, and you can spread the good word with that at $2.50 per 100 copies. The pamphlet is a two-color job, has pictures and an anecdote in which a mechanic has practically taken a motor to pieces without finding what was wrong, and then Si the honest farmer comes along in a drawl and a wig and says "Thet thar autymovil ain't gettin' no gas, I leckon," or something, and consarn if he isn't right. The mechanic is Roosevelt and honest Si Corntossel is Guess Who. In the middle of the book there is a picture of Willkie with his hair combed and the caption, AT LAST! A CANDIDATE WHO UNDERSTANDS SELLING. On the last page we read that "The League of American Salesmen" (these are the ones who wore the Willkie button without Willkie on it) "is a non-partisan, non-profit organization." Then below, in large red type, "Join the League! Help Willkie Win! Recapture Prosperity!" We can almost hear the voice of W. C. Fields.

Republican Appeasers

Are the Republicans, as Secretary Wallace charges, appeasers? Not as a rule in their words, but rather in their acts. The amendment adopted by the House of Representatives, delaying the application of conscription for sixty days—an amendment that on September 10 seemed doomed by the Senate—was introduced by Representative Hamilton Fish, New York Republican, and was supported very largely by Republican votes. We do not wish to impugn the sincerity of most opponents of conscription, but it was a bit unfortunate for them that the author of this amendment was the same man who accepted one of Hermann Goering's planes to fly from Germany to Sweden just before the war broke out, and immediately thereafter made statements which obviously showed his sympathy with appeasement. Mr. Willkie himself recently criticized Mr. Roosevelt for not submitting to Congress the destroyer deal with Britain. No doubt such a procedure would have been desirable if there had been plenty of time, although the President had ample legal authority and historical precedent for what he did. Nevertheless we are justified in assuming that if Mr. Willkie had been in his place, the destroyers might have arrived at the scene of action—and work on our new bases might have begun—after Hitler had installed a Gauleiter in Westminster.

Straight from the Horse's Mouth

The Listening Post at CBS picked up an excerpt from a German broadcast in English by Fred Kaltenbach (Hitler's Iowan) which is such a lovely statement of the Nazi line in this country that we can't resist passing it on. Kaltenbach said:

> If I were home in Iowa, I would ask myself, what should my attitude as a German-American be toward the present policy of the administration? I would support the administration 100 percent in building up American defense. Not in the fear of a German invasion but on principle. But I would refuse to support any measures that pretended to help England against Germany. I would do everything in my power to influence my friends—my neighbors—to keep out of the European mess. I should refuse to support any man for President or Congress who had expressed himself in favor of helping England. I should join up with and take an active part in any organization pledged to absolute neutrality and non-intervention. I should urge on my country a realistic attitude toward the events in Europe. I should ask my neighbors, what is to be gained by scolding and making faces at the leading power in Europe after this war? I should even ask them if they consider it wise to carry on a back-fence dispute with America's best potential customer. I should urge the administration to bury the hatchet and face the new European order, like a shrewd Yankee business man. The world is big enough for both the United States and Germany. There is trade enough to go around, even in South America.

The broadcast ended with thanks to "Canadian Mary" for her best wishes, and the hope that she would continue to enjoy the broadcasts. If anyone catches Mary asking her neighbors why they scold and make faces at the leading power in Europe, we hope he knows where to bury the hatchet.

Retort Evasive

A fortnight ago, we published a supplement dealing with Mr. Wendell Willkie. Though we are still waiting patiently, we haven't yet heard from the Republican National Committee in reply. Or have we? We were interested to learn a few days ago that a detective has been going around New York City trying to "get something" on The New Republic and its supplement. A typical inquiry resulted in the following dialogue:

> "You know those fellows on The New Republic? Where'd they get all that stuff about Willkie, anyway?"
>
> "Why don't you read the supplement and find out? The sources are all given there—Stock Exchange records, official files of the NLRB and the La Follette Committee, newspaper reports of speeches, and so on."

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Like all detectives, this one is filled with horror at the thought of having to read anything. He passes on quickly to another theme:

"Isn't it a fact that this stuff was all prepared by the Democratic National Committee, and they handed it over ready-made to The New Republic?"

"I am sure The New Republic doesn't do business that way."

"What we'd really like would be to find that this was written by government employees on government time, which would be a violation of the Hatch Act."

No reply, followed by a plaintive observation:

"Anyhow, they're just a bunch of com*mu*nists up there, aren't they?"

If this detective really did represent the Republican National Committee, and will call at our office, we'll be happy to give him the sources of all the statements in our Willkie supplement. We are sure, however, that he won't be interested.

Let Them Vote

The Communist Party is under attack throughout the nation. In at least half the states, canvassers with petitions seeking to put the party on the ballot have been assaulted, run out of town, arrested on trumped-up charges, or fingerprinted and generally harassed. Signers of such petitions have been subpoenaed, threatened with prosecution, badgered by the Dies Committee, and had their names published in newspapers for possible blacklisting and loss of job. The Communist candidate for Governor of West Virginia, Oscar O. Wheeler, has been given the fantastic sentence of six to fifteen years for "fraudulent solicitation of names." This "fraud" consisted in failing to reveal the name of the party involved to prospective petition signers, although it was clearly visible on the petition form, and "misrepresenting" that the Communist Party planned to place a Negro in the White House. As a further irony, five of the fifteen years given to Wheeler were a penalty for a second offense, his first offense having been conscientious objection during the last war.

The Communist Party has been ruled off the ballot in a number of states, among them Arizona, where it was outlawed as advocating "force and violence." Earl Browder, Communist candidate for President of the United States, has been refused permission by Federal Judge Knox to leave the jurisdiction of the court to campaign in the West, while his passport-fraud conviction is still on appeal. Judge Knox's ruling made it clear that the permission was refused because Browder "wished to tear down the government," not because of his fraud conviction. Finally, the Communist Party charges that the National Broadcasting Company has refused it radio time as an act of political censorship, and has filed a complaint with the FCC asking for revocation of NBC's license. The sum total of all of this seems like a concerted effort to deprive a legal minority party of its right to nominate candidates and work for their election. At the same time, the civil liberties of the Socialist and Socialist Labor Parties have been violated, although with less vigor and lawlessness. It is not necessary to point out how essential the rights of even the most unpopular minorities are to a democracy. And we'd rather see the Communists defeated by a thumping vote at the polls than by unfair persecution.

What Are We Doing to Mexico?

There are ugly rumors afloat regarding the attitude of the American and British governments toward Mexico. It is said that both these countries are standing aloof to see whether Camacho or Almazán gets control of the country, the idea being that they do not want to back the wrong horse only a short time before he may be taken out of the race. Almazán has already declared he was elected, has set up a rump Congress that is meeting secretly and, from American soil, gives every sign of being on the point of armed revolt. Mexico is full of Nazi agents, and they are supporting Almazán, not because he is their tool but because they want as much trouble and confusion as possible.

We don't know who won the recent Mexican presidential election, although on the whole we feel the figures of the present regime are more reliable than those of the Almazanistas. But it seems to us outrageous if the American government is following a policy which tacitly encourages Almazán to start a revolution. We have a firmly established policy against governments brought into being by force. We also stand in a friendly relation with the Cárdenas regime which ought to forbid us to let Almazán make a revolution from American soil. It is known that powerful American interests with investments in Mexico are bitterly opposed to the Cárdenas regime and have done much to hurt the relations between the two countries. Surely it is time for the American government to say where it stands and what it is doing to implement its famous "good neighbor" policy.

The Balkan Quadrille Continues

The riddle of the Balkans is not ended—or even made any easier—by the overthrow of Carol. There are a few underlying facts that must be remembered in trying to understand what has happened and to predict what is likely to come. 1. Carol was not deposed because he was anti-Nazi. He had already succumbed wholly to Hitler. He was dethroned because of personal unpopularity, and the moment when Northern Transylvania was transferred to Hungary was seized as a good time psychologically. 2. Carol's decline in favor was based largely on the Lupescu affair and the numerous shady financial transactions in which he was involved. 3. The new dictator, General Antonescu, is

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now trying to out-Hitler Hitler in restrictions upon the Jews and other forms of Nazi terrorism; but we must remember that Rumania was already about 90-percent Nazified, and that Jews and other unpopular groups had been mistreated for many years. 4. There is still a good chance of trouble in the Balkans, which is not lessened by giving Transylvania to Hungary. Three important powers are still jockeying for position there: Russia, Germany and Italy. Italy is afraid of Hitler and will take no steps of which he disapproves. Stalin is probably afraid of Hitler, but less so than Mussolini: if the German dictator got into deep trouble anywhere else, it is not impossible that Russia might move south. 5. Greece is enjoying a momentary immunity only because the dictators cannot agree on what to do with her. 6. Like everything else in the world, the final disposition of the Balkans waits on the outcome of the Battle of Britain.

Truth in Advertising

The Federal Trade Commission has been getting rough with some big national advertisers recently. Four weeks ago the Lambert Pharmacal Company was charged with misleading advertising in the sale of Listerine Antiseptic. Among the things that the FTC says Listerine does *not* do, despite the maker's claims, are: kill the germ causing dandruff (dandruff is not recognized as being caused by a germ); cure cases of dandruff; prevent colds and sore throats; kill all mouth and throat germs; and cure halitosis by preventing fermentation of food in the mouth (halitosis is not usually caused by food fermentation in the mouth).

Last month the Federal Trade Commission announced that its cease-and-desist order against General Motors had been affirmed. The Commission insisted that General Motors' "6-percent" interest plan for time payments was actually an 11½-percent interest plan, and the courts sustained it.

Since then the Federal Trade Commission has issued a complaint against Helena Rubinstein, cosmetic manufacturer, for false advertising, pointing out, among other things, that "Eye Lash Grower Cream" does not make the eyelashes grow, and that a face powder advertised as preventing skin blemishes does not prevent skin blemishes, whatever else it may do. The great tragedy of such revelations is the inadequate publicity they receive in most newspapers. A striking exception is the New York newspaper PM, which runs a weekly column on the Commission's findings, and which devoted a full page to the Listerine scandal. PM runs no advertising, and has no advertisers to protect. The moral is unpleasant, but obvious.

Correction

Our supplement, "This Man Willkie," has gone to press several times with large new editions. Readers of the most recent edition will find a change in one paragraph in the article, "Mr. Willkie in Business"—a change made to correct an inaccuracy of statement discovered by a member of The New Republic staff after the early editions were printed. The original version stated that utility write-ups involve a fraud not only against the buyers of overvalued securities but against consumers because "the valuation of a utility is the base on which its rates are set (so that it may earn a 'fair' return on its 'investment'). Clearly, if its value is written up, its rates will be inflated." Of course, no writing-up of holding-company securities by financiers will automatically change the rate bases of operating companies as authorized by commissions or courts. If public authorities do allow sufficiently higher investment values to make good the write-ups, however, higher rates must result. And commissions are naturally under heavy pressure to do so. The passage has therefore been changed to read: "If the commissions and courts which pass upon the value of utility properties for rate-making purposes allow increases in value such as would make good the financier's write-ups, rates to the consumers must be increased."

News Notes of a Week

The British island of Malta was reported almost undamaged, despite recurrent Italian claims to have bombed it "to ruins." . . . The French war-guilt trials went merrily on with ex-Premiers Reynaud and Daladier and General Gamelin interned as "dangerous to the national defense and public security." . . . Communists rioted in Yugoslavia and Nazis rioted in the Netherlands. . . . Herschel Grynzpan was given over to the Gestapo by the Vichy government. . . . The fifth column turned up again, as mobilization in New Zealand was delayed by an outbreak of German measles among the troops.

White House pressure was suspected in Mayor LaGuardia's appointment of James J. Walker as impartial chairman of the woman's coat-and-suit industry at $20,000 a year. . . . The President signed the five-billion-dollar arms bill after assurances that War and Navy Department contracts would be let almost immediately. . . . A three-day conference on science, philosophy and religion met in New York City to organize democratic thought to combat totalitarianism. . . . The Federal Trade Commission issued a complaint against Harry and Gretchen Crook for operating a lottery.

Horror Note of the Week.—The newspaper PM added "Kerchookrieg" (an outbreak of colds in Berlin resulting from long sessions in air-raid shelters) to the already impossible list of variants on "Blitzkrieg," including "Sitzkrieg" (a stalemate war), "Fittskrieg" (the red-baiting attacks of Buron Fitts, district attorney of Los Angeles), and "Blitzsmear" (a swift political name-calling campaign)

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Can Britain Hold Out?

THOSE WHO HAVE, through wishful thinking, been mistaken about the ability of Hitler's former adversaries to resist, will be cautious in estimating Britain's chances under Germany's ferocious air attack. It is quite possible, as far as anyone knows on this side of the Atlantic, that England may be forced into submission within a few weeks. No matter what causes for hope there may be, we should be ready for the worst.

The blitzkrieg across the Channel did not come immediately after the collapse of France, as many expected. The fact that it did not is a sure sign that the Reichswehr was not ready, for it was a favorable moment, when Britain was less well armed than now. But Hitler does not strike until he is thoroughly prepared. The first tentative air raids were followed by daylight attacks in larger numbers. But apparently the heavy losses suffered in these forays caused a resumption of caution, leading the British to think the chief danger was past. Now the German air force is apparently using everything it has in night flights, and although Hitler talks mainly of "retaliation," it would scarcely do so unless he had decided to take the risk of seeking a decision. It has been generally assumed that if he did not invade before the bad weather of fall, he would lose his chance until next spring.

The bombers may be blazing the way for operations by the rest of the armed forces, as they have done in other campaigns. Or Hitler may hope that he can disorganize his enemy's power by air operations alone. Or, finally, he may be seeking to destroy the will to resist, simply by the damage he is doing and the assault upon the nerves of the population. In that case he is really aiming at a negotiated peace that would leave him in undisturbed possession of his present conquests —until he was ready to strike again. Without full knowledge of what result the attacks can produce, he may be ready to adjust his policy according to their effectiveness. He would scarcely prepare for invasion by attacks on London alone.

The present intensified aerial warfare is something new in military operations, the outcome of which cannot be predicted by anyone but the military insiders who have all the information, and not even by them with any certainty. All previous air attacks were either spasmodic raids or assaults in conjunction with advancing armies. Warsaw was ravaged from the air—but only after its communications had been cut and the Polish forces routed. It was a "mopping up" action after the war had been won. The role of the air arm in the Low Countries and France was to prepare the way for the mechanized divisions and the infantry, by disorganizing the rear of the opposing armies and helping to break their resistance at the front. Never before has an attempt been made to subdue a whole nation solely from the air—after an effort to do so by sea had failed. It is one thing to shatter the improvised communications and highly concentrated depots of an army in the field, and quite another to damage fatally the many nerve centers, docks, rail lines, roads and factories that are scattered over an entire country.

From the highly censored reports it is impossible to judge the progress of such warfare. Both sides speak of damage and loss of life, but neither will admit or specify serious injury to military objectives on its own soil. It is difficult to read behind the dispatches as one can in the case of an invading army, which attains geographical objectives that cannot remain secret. The wastage of planes and pilots might reveal the tide of battle, if accurate figures were obtainable. The reports of the combatants about their losses differ ludicrously. Here, even if we accept the British version as the more reliable—and an editorial paragraph in our issue of August 26 stated the reasons for doing so—we can make only rough guesses concerning the reserves and the rapidity of new production and training. When it comes to vital questions such as whether Britain is seriously hampering the invader by destruction of oil stores, gasoline plants, plane factories, flying fields and debarkation points, or whether Germany is sufficiently crippling British ports, convoys, supplies and industrial centers, one guess is as good as another.

Of one thing we are reasonably certain—a campaign of this kind can scarcely be effective in a physical sense within a week or ten days. However destructive the raids may be at any given point, it will take time for even the largest air armada to cover all the vital centers of a nation like Britain. And in the meantime recuperation occurs in the places already attacked, while wastage of the attackers is at work. The calculus of victory is here, as elsewhere in modern war, a matter largely of time. The chance of the British depends upon their holding out, and this depends largely on retention of the resolution to win, in spite of the terrific assault on nerves which a long continued air warfare provides.

In this crisis days, even hours, are precious. It is too late to do anything but use the resources at hand. As Londoners watch the glare of fires in their sky, and see the pitiful suffering caused by a ruthless enemy, they must lend many a bitter thought to the time, not so long ago, when not only hours and days, but months and even years could have been saved in preparing to repel such an assault. As we in America watch the columns of dust and flame from a greater distance, we still may have a chance to spur on a dawdling and contentious Congress and a creaking industry. Months have already been lost because of conservatism of brass hats, worry over profits and depreciation, appeasement politics. The Battle of Britain may decide whether we too have not been too late.

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Willkie Is Slipping

THE PRESS has broken out in a rash of statements that Willkie is slipping. Time magazine, popularly supposed to be friendly to his candidacy, reports a belief spreading rapidly through the ranks of professional politicians that "maybe Willkie is only a fatter, louder Alf Landon." True, he draws crowds; but "as one sad Old Guardsman pontificated to another: dead whales on flat cars also attract crowds." The Washington columnists, agreeing that the Willkie honeymoon is over, seek to find the reasons, and the sympathetic individuals among them try to explain them away. The most familiar excuse is that Willkie is ignoring the professional politicians in his own party, the politicians are sore and are spreading false tales that the campaign is not going well, on the argument that it simply can't go well when they are not consulted.

Yet this is not the whole story. Willkie has disappointed many people who were hysterically enthusiastic about him in July. The public-opinion polls indicate, as they did four years ago, that the Republican candidate was at his peak immediately after the conventions. Four years ago he continued to slide until he ended up in November with only two states.

One of Mr. Willkie's weaknesses, against which the professional politicians could warn him if he would only listen, is that he talks too much and doesn't say enough. He pours out a flood of public statements on a multitude of questions, but most of them seem evasive. This may be because he has adopted nearly all the important planks in President Roosevelt's foreign and domestic platform and is in the position of arguing in essence, "I can be a better New Dealer and internationalist than he is." He does this despite the fact that he keeps talking about a return to old-fashioned laissez-faire and removal of government restrictions on business. A voter does not have to be very bright to get worried when a candidate says, "I will do everything the other fellow is doing and also practise a philosophy entirely incompatible with his."

At the one point where Mr. Willkie has spoken out sharply, he would have done much better to keep still. This was his resounding statement against the proposal to let the government take over factories for war materials if necessary. It finally turned out that Mr. Willkie was objecting to the phraseology of the Senate amendment more than to the idea itself; but the country as a whole simply got the impression that he wanted to conscript men but not money. That idea will dog him to the end of the campaign; it was a blunder the professionals would never have permitted him to commit.

Again, Mr. Willkie showed his inexperience when he accepted the transfer of the destroyers to Great Britain but bitterly denounced President Roosevelt for failing to consult Congress. The Americans are an impatient and a practical people; they object to complaining about a *fait accompli*, in a case where they themselves approve the result. Even if Mr. Willkie had been wholly right, his attack would have been bad politics. He left the impression that he favors what Mr. Roosevelt favors, but would do it in a slower and less effective way.

The poll-takers report that Roosevelt is gaining, but the battle in the crucial states still seems fairly close. They are all agreed that a deepening of the war crisis aids the Democratic cause—and the crisis has indeed deepened since this observation was made. A President campaigning for reëlection has an enormous strategic advantage over a candidate who is only a plain citizen; and this advantage is redoubled when the President is busy with the tasks of national defense. This should grow clearer and stronger as the campaign continues.

What is happening to Mr. Willkie parallels with striking exactness what happened to Mr. Landon in 1936. He, too, was the object of a rush of affection which, unfortunately, turned out to be synthetic. A great many people all over the country hate Mr. Roosevelt so bitterly that they are prepared to idolize anybody who is put up as a possible opponent. They stopped loving Landon with disconcerting abruptness after the election in November, 1936; they will drop Mr. Willkie in the same way if he is defeated. One can feel sincerely sorry for these nostalgic Americans who hate, not so much Mr. Roosevelt as an individual but Mr. Roosevelt the symbol of a whole new world that they bitterly dislike. They want to return to a past that is dead and buried; Mr. Willkie himself hopes to make a combination somehow of that past and the present. One of the reasons his campaign is lagging is because of this unresolved ambivalence in his thinking.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Mr. Willkie Pleads Guilty

TWO WEEKS AGO The New Republic published an 18,000-word supplement devoted to examining the career of Wendell Willkie. Some of the statements were damaging to him as a candidate for the presidency, and we expected he would attempt to reply. He waited six days and then, through his own voice and those of several associates, he did so. But this reply was so extraordinary in character that it might as well be called a confession.

It is to be noted that with a single unimportant exception, Mr. Willkie and his aides centered their whole fire on only one section of our supplement, that dealing with his labor record. Mr. Willkie himself mentioned only the evidence of the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee showing that seven of the ten subsidiaries of his Commonwealth and Southern Corporation were clients of notorious labor-spy agencies.

Mr. Willkie's attempt to deny these facts calls for special comment. In view of his strenuous efforts in recent days to pose as a friend of labor, we consider it important not only to examine carefully his statement but also to present additional information on the hostile labor record of certain Willkie subsidiaries.

Mr. Willkie was quoted by the press as saying that "There is nobody connected with any organization that I have ever been associated with who ever testified before the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee." Of course not, and The New Republic did not say so. We were well aware that the chief evidence of the La Follette Committee came not from the employers but from the records of the labor-spy agencies. Employers in every field made every effort to conceal their use of labor espionage, and in this respect Mr. Willkie and his associates were, and are, presumably no different.

Mr. Willkie, of course, does not and cannot flatly deny that some of his subsidiaries in Commonwealth and Southern did employ private detectives from Pinkerton's and other agencies engaged in industrial espionage. He is forced to admit that practice, but attempts to make it seem legitimate by explaining that these spies were hired solely to detect theft and check on street-car collections. What is to be said of this excuse? It is not without significance that this is one of the alibis most frequently advanced by employers and detective-agency officials. In fact, the La Follette Committee encountered it so often that it made a special study of its validity. In its report on "Industrial Espionage," the Committee observes that this excuse, as well as other "legitimate" reasons—such as the promotion of efficiency or protection against sabotage —"were of so little merit that after examination by the Committee they were repudiated by the same officials who advanced them."

Particularly relevant is the Committee's finding that labor spying was almost invariably concealed in the journals of Pinkerton's. In entry after entry in their books they would describe the purpose of a case as "investigation of radical conditions," often coupling this with "investigation of theft, sabotage and irregularities." The Committee's report declares that "on preliminary examination the Pinkerton officials steadfastly maintained that these entries meant what they said—investigation of theft and sabotage, usually linked by them to radicalism. It was not until the Committee laid bare the whole story of industrial espionage that the general manager of the Pinkerton agency reluctantly admitted that the entries actually concealed spying on union organizations":

> SENATOR LA FOLLETTE: Now, Mr. Rossetter, isn't it true that the description in the Pinkerton journal of sabotage, theft and irregularities often actually covers up investigation to be made of union activities?
>
> MR. ROSSETTER: Well, if you take that as a sample, I will have to say "Yes" to it.

There can be little question concerning the kind of detective work done for the Willkie subsidiaries. When Willkie's Georgia Power paid out $31,000 for Pinkerton men it was for espionage work and was so classified by the Pinkerton agency itself, which ought to know. This is the case with all the Willkie subsidiaries listed by the La Follette Committee as industrial clients of Pinkerton's, Corporations Auxiliary Company and National Corporation Service, Inc. As the Committee's report explains, they "were so designated by those detective agencies themselves" and the "services supplied by the detective agencies to the employers listed were espionage, strikebreaking, guards in connection with labor disputes, or similar service, or a combination of some or all of these services."

Thus Mr. Willkie's excuse is clearly an afterthought and is directly refuted by the testimony of the labor-spy agencies themselves. Indeed, the notion that his agency was checking fare collections on Willkie's street cars did not even occur to Secretary A. E. Lawson of National Corporation Service when he testified before the La Follette Committee. Mr. Lawson was of course under oath. To Senator La Follette's specific question on the kind of work done for Willkie's Ohio Edison Company, he replied, "Espionage." Moreover, the agency's record, as printed by the Committee, reveals that one of the spies assigned to Ohio Edison "performed all wire-tapping and dictaphone work." Ob-

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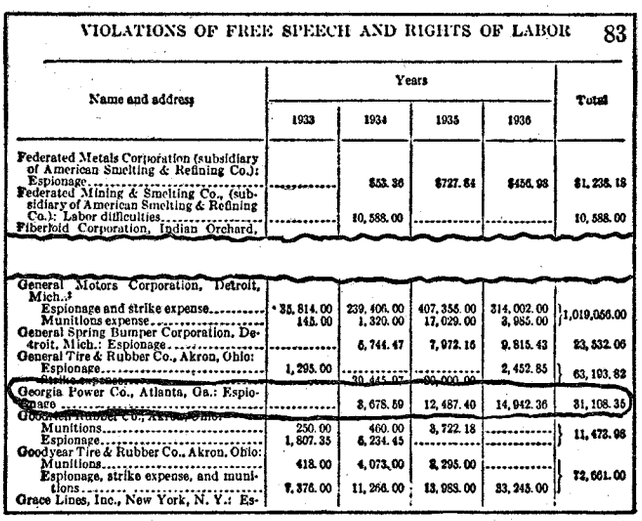
viously, resort to such underhanded methods is indefensible, irrespective of whether or not the victim is labor. Would Mr. Willkie have us believe, however, that this, too, was perfectly legitimate work performed while riding around on his company's street cars?

Several officials of Commonwealth and Southern have hastened to the defense of Mr. Willkie and his labor policy, but it is doubtful whether their statements will prove really helpful. President Preston S. Arkwright of Georgia Power, for example, offers an explanation



VIOLATIONS OF FREE SPEECH AND RIGHTS OF LABOR 83

Name and address	Years				Total
	1933	1934	1935	1936	
Federated Metals Corporation (subsidiary of American Smelting & Refining Co.): Espionage		$53.36	$727.84	$456.98	$1,238.18
Federated Mining & Smelting Co., (subsidiary of American Smelting & Refining Co.): Labor difficulties		10,588.00			10,588.00
Fiberloid Corporation, Indian Orchard,					
General Motors Corporation, Detroit, Mich.: Espionage and strike expense	35,814.00	239,400.00	407,355.00	314,002.00	1,019,056.00
Munitions expense	145.00	1,320.00	17,029.00	3,985.00	
General Spring Bumper Corporation, Detroit, Mich.: Espionage		6,744.47	7,972.16	9,815.43	23,532.06
General Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio: Espionage	1,295.00			2,452.85	63,193.82
[illegible]		31,445.07	30,000.00		
Georgia Power Co., Atlanta, Ga.: Espionage		3,678.59	12,487.40	14,942.36	31,108.35
Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio: Munitions	250.00	460.00	3,722.18		11,473.98
Espionage	1,807.35	6,234.45			
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio: Munitions	418.00	4,073.00	8,295.00		72,661.00
Espionage, strike expense, and munitions	7,376.00	11,260.00	13,983.00	33,248.00	
Grace Lines, Inc., New York, N. Y.: Es-					

Mr. Willkie says any Pinkerton operative employed by the Georgia Power Company was just a street-car inspector riding to see that the conductors were honest. The photograph above is of page 83 of part 3 of Report 46 of the La Follette Committee on Violation of Free Speech and Rights of Labor and on Industrial Espionage, dated November 16, 1937, showing that the Georgia Power Company in three years spent $31,108.35 with Pinkertons for espionage.

that makes one begin to doubt the sound business judgment of the utility industry. For while he supports Mr. Willkie on the necessity of hiring spies to prevent dishonesty in fare collections, his further comments on the matter flatly contradict this. Questioned by the Federated Press on how much dishonesty the Pinkerton men had detected, Mr. Arkwright made the surprising reply that "the question of dishonesty is not involved. The employees of this company as a group are unusually honest."

Why, when there is admittedly no need to track down thieves, does Georgia Power continue to hire Pinkerton men to hunt for them? After all, $31,000 makes a lot of nickels. President Michael Quill of the Transport Workers' Union offers an explanation that seems to us somewhat more credible than those of Willkie and Arkwright. He asserts that it is not customary for transport companies to hire outside spies—known as "beakies" and "shoo-flies" in the industry—unless they want to learn more about their employees than whether they are turning in receipts. "Utilities usually have their own employees for this work," says Mr. Quill, "and when outside spies from Pinkerton's or similar outfits are hired, it's a sure sign of an intensified anti-union attitude."

In Michigan, Vice-President D. E. Karn of Willkie's Consumers Power has also come to the defense of his former boss. Mr. Karn's statement is a masterpiece of misrepresentation. He asserts that his company "has always been willing to bargain" but that "up to date the difficulty has been in determining which union represents the majority." It will be noted that Mr. Karn does not deny or take issue with a single one of the several specific unfair labor practices cited by The New Republic. He does not and cannot deny that Consumers Power fostered a company union for the purpose of preventing its employees from joining either the AFL or the CIO and that this company union was a major factor in the "difficulty" in determining a majority representative. He fails to mention that his company engaged in wholesale discrimination against members of the CIO Utility Workers' Union and that this, too, contributed to the "difficulty." Unlike Mr. Willkie, Mr. Karn is careful not to say that there is no testimony about this hostile labor policy. He is aware that there is a lengthy decision by the National Labor Relations Board (9 NLRB 701) finding Consumers Power guilty and outlawing its company union. This decision was upheld only a few weeks ago by the Circuit Court of Appeals, following a suit initiated by Consumers Power.

The record clearly shows that Consumers Power was never "willing" to bargain. Since 1937 it has bargained on only three occasions—when its employees, as a last resort, went on strike to protect their union and its members from further discrimination and company harassing. Maurice Sugar, counsel for the CIO's Utility Workers in their dealings with Consumers Power, reports that he has "never encountered a company more anti-labor in its attitude." Since Mr. Sugar is also general counsel of the United Auto Workers and is, accordingly, reasonably expert in judging anti-union employers, Consumers Power must have been pretty good to get so high a rating. Perhaps Mr. Sugar's further comment on the company's labor policy explains why: "It has not only placed every obstacle it possibly could in the way of bona-fide collective bargaining, but has even violated its contract in refusing to submit to arbitration matters which are clearly arbitrable under the terms of the contract. One is forced to conclude that the persistent provocation of its employees by the company has been intended to force a shutdown of power throughout Michigan in the hope that public reaction would result in the destruction of the union."

Vice-President Karn would no doubt like to have the public believe, on reading his statement, that he and his associates at Willkie's Consumers Power have been neutral bystanders pending the determination of a majority union. The New Republic makes public for the first time herewith a document released by R. J. Thomas of the UAW-CIO. The document is an order,

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signed by Mr. Karn himself, for 500 subscriptions to The Labor Digest, a notorious anti-labor paper, which were obviously to be sent to employees of the company. The Detroit Labor News, official organ of the Detroit and Wayne County Federation of Labor, an AFL central body, has revealed interesting things about both the paper and its editor, one Norman A. Zollezzi. According to The Detroit Labor News, Mr. Zolezzi uses his paper "to promote the interests of labor-hating employers and, in political campaigns, sells its editorial policy to candidates to mislead the voters on labor support. . . . Because of his shady conduct, Zolezzi was expelled from the American Labor Press Association at the Atlantic City Convention of the American Federation of Labor." A few years ago, Mr. Zolezzi organized the Frank Fitzgerald for Governor Labor Committee for the Republican Party. Some years before that, he served fifteen months in the federal penitentiary for impersonating a federal officer in a shakedown.

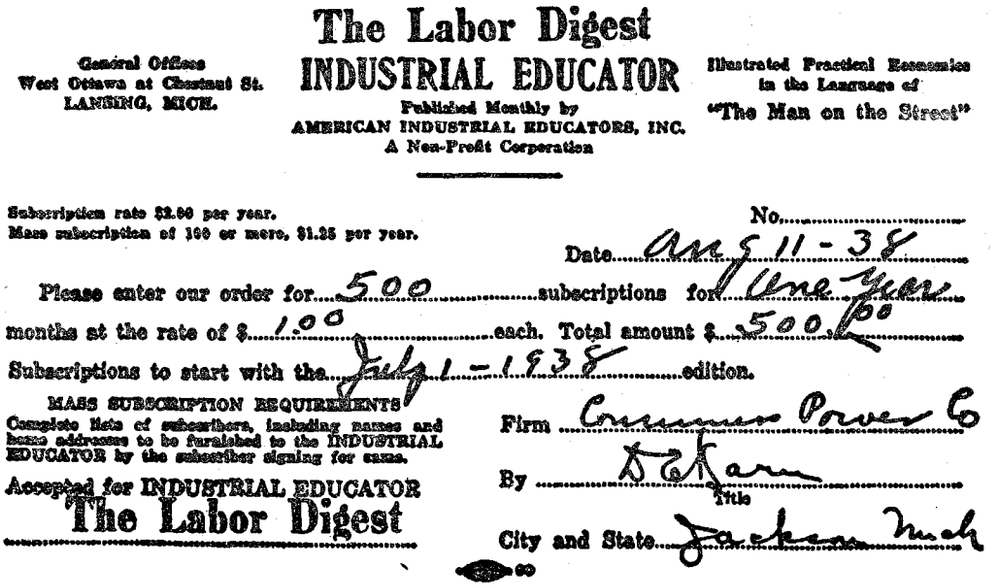
The New Republic has a sworn affidavit from a former salesman of The Labor Digest, which explains Mr. Zolezzi's method of selling subscriptions and which throws considerable light on why Consumers Power would be willing to do business with him. The affidavit gives the general scheme of Zolezzi's sales talk as follows:

> The employer is told that his employees are in the control of the Reds, the Communists, the labor agitators, the CIO and other subversive agents, and that these subversive agents fill the employees with propaganda that is dangerous to the employer and causes labor unrest and dissension. The employer is then told that it is about time that his employees are given the right material to read and are educated in the proper course, so that the employer can win the employee back to the employer; that there are two ways of doing this, one is to advertise in The Labor Digest, and the second is to give The Labor Digest the mailing list of the employees and The Labor Digest would then be sent directly to the employees, the rate being one ($1.00) dollar per year for each employee who gets the paper. The employer is to pay for the subscriptions.

The order placed by Consumers Power for The Labor Digest is dated August 11, 1938. This was just a few days after the Labor Board had concluded its hearings involving Consumers Power on charges of unfair labor practices and fostering its company union. The case was in the hands of the Board at Washington, awaiting decision, when Consumers Power gave its order for The Labor Digest. It would seem that the management, fearing that its company union would be outlawed, was preparing, as the affidavit puts it, "to win the employee back to the employer" by having him read denunciations of the CIO and the Labor Board.

Early this year, Consumers Power was involved in a flagrant violation of the civil rights of its employees —that is to say, employees who happened to be active members or officials of the CIO. This occurred at the time that the Gadola Grand Jury—a one-man grand jury headed by Judge Gadola—was indicting numerous Consumers Power employees on charges of alleged sabotage committed during the strike last year. According to a special report of the Michigan Civil Rights Federation, Consumers Power permitted the officers of the Grand Jury to question employees in its offices, although the officers had no such authority and were acting wholly illegally. The Federation found that the Grand Jury officers had been guilty of "using their offices to intimidate and oppress members of and sympathizers of the Utility Workers' Organizing Committee, CIO. This becomes ominous when it is borne in mind that the National Labor Relations Board elections were scheduled to be held in Flint when these acts were committed."

Furthermore, the actions of Consumers Power, coupled with threats of perjury charges by the Grand Jury officers, "so intimidated the employees that they now fear to employ counsel or take any action to protect their constitutional rights." Employees were arrested without warrants, held incommunicado for as long as five days and not permitted to notify even their families or closest relatives of their whereabouts.



The Labor Digest
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Published Monthly by
AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL EDUCATORS, INC.
A Non-Profit Corporation
Illustrated Practical Economics
in the Language of
"The Man on the Street"

Subscription rate $2.00 per year.
Mass subscription of 100 or more, $1.25 per year.

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Date Aug 5 11-38

Please enter our order for 500 subscriptions for One year
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Complete lists of subscribers, including names and home addresses to be furnished to the INDUSTRIAL EDUCATOR by the subscriber signing for same.

Firm Consumers Power Co
By D E Karn
Title
City and State Jackson Mich

Accepted for INDUSTRIAL EDUCATOR
The Labor Digest

"This company has always been willing to bargain with representatives of the majority group of its employees," says D. E. Karn, vice-president of the Consumers Power Company. We should be glad to have Mr. Karn explain the signature, reproduced above, for 500 subscriptions to The Labor Digest, a notorious anti-labor paper. The significance of this purchase is explained above.

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They were denied counsel and specifically warned to stay away from union leaders and attorneys.

One result of the indictments was the immediate suspension by Consumers Power of the employees indicted, among whom were included several union officials. The company subsequently refused to meet with these officials, because of their suspensions, and the handling of union grievances was thereby frustrated.

In Chicago, Ross W. Wallace, president of the Willkie Central Illinois Light Company, has issued a statement denying a charge that The New Republic did not make, namely, that there had been a strike there. What we said was that the company had purchased tear-gas guns and ammunition. Mr. Wallace admits this, but says that these were not for use against the company's own employees. He explains that the company purchased "twelve baby-grand gas guns and thirty-six shells for use of its regular employees patrolling its own lines against possible sabotage at a time when there was a strike on another company's property." Actually, the company bought considerably more, as the invoice printed in the La Follette records shows. It bought a long-range field gun, six long-range tear-gas shells, six short-range tear-gas shells, four illuminating star shells, and six special aluminite clubs capable of firing shells. This scarcely sounds like the kind of equipment appropriate for protection against sabotage. In any case, Mr. Wallace does not explain why the regular law officers could not give the company special protection, if needed, or why he seems to assume that it is perfectly all right to use the weapons listed against another company's employees.

Neither Mr. Willkie nor any of his associates has had anything to say concerning the anti-labor record of three other subsidiaries discussed in our supplement. They cannot, of course, deny that the Alabama Power Company was found guilty of fostering a company union—continuously from 1934 to 1939, although during that period it used three different names as a subterfuge to stay within the law. Similarly, they cannot deny that there was another Willkie company union at the Southern Indiana Gas and Light Company, only recently outlawed. And they cannot dispute the evidence showing that Ohio Edison secretly contributed to an anti-union advertising campaign in Youngstown.

Aside from the attempt to reply to the charges regarding his labor record, Mr. Willkie and his friends have mentioned only a single other point. Mr. B. F. Weadock, his former law partner, denies that Mr. Willkie was managing director of the Edison Electric Institute. He says Mr. Willkie was only a director and that he was not present at the meeting at which the EEI decided to intervene in the Ashwander case, brought to fight the Tennessee Valley Authority. At the next meeting of the EEI, he says, Mr. Willkie was present and voted No.

Mr. Weadock's statement does not contradict what The New Republic said. We never charged that Mr. Willkie was managing director of the EEI. We said he was "a director" and Mr. Weadock admits he was "a member of its board of trustees." There is no difference in fact between these two terms in common practice. Our exact comment on Mr. Willkie's connection with this affair was: "You are compelled to assume either that it [the Edison Electric Institute] acted in a matter vitally concerning him without his knowledge, or else that he was playing a game with TVA."

The whole tenor of Mr. Weadock's statement would be to suggest that Mr. Willkie at that time, and presumably ever since, had been friendly toward the Tennessee Valley Authority. But the facts are to the contrary. Mr. Weadock cannot laugh off Willkie's statement on March 5, 1936, that "the TVA is the most useless and unnecessary of all the alphabetical joyrides." He cannot laugh off Mr. Willkie's repeated other attacks on the TVA over the years. He cannot laugh off the fact that Willkie subsidiaries participated in the nineteen-company suit brought to declare the TVA unconstitutional.

The reply of Mr. Willkie and his friends to the New Republic supplement is more significant for what is omitted than for what is covered. Mr. Willkie says nothing about the campaign by which his companies helped to destroy The Chattanooga News, outstanding newspaper advocate of publicly owned power. He says nothing about the setting up of spite lines by the Georgia Power Company to cut off farmers' coöperatives. He says nothing about the "blackmail lines" hastily built by his companies in TVA territory in regions where they had few or no prospective customers, to keep the TVA out. He omits the charges that false representations were made to potential consumers, such as that the Tennessee Power Company had bought out the TVA.

Mr. Willkie is silent on the shockingly bad actions of the power industry during the 1920's, when newspaper editors were debauched, college teachers secretly put on the payroll, propaganda smuggled into the public schools, all in the effort to fight publicly owned power. If he has ever repudiated that record or tried to clean house, we have not heard of it. He is silent on the charge that he was a member of the Committee of Public Utility Executives organized in February, 1935, to fight the Holding Company Act. The tactics used by that lobbying committee, the barrage of telegrams from all over the country, some of them fakes, the expenditure of $350,000 through the committee to influence Congress, and hundreds of thousands more by the constituent companies—all these have passed unnoticed by Mr. Willkie at the date of this writing. Instead, out of our mass of evidence he and his associates have chosen two or three points for an attempt at refutation. How successful that attempt has been, we leave our readers to judge.

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Get Tough, Mr. President!

MR. PRESIDENT: It is now more than ninety days since the United States first realized that Hitler was certain to defeat France and had an excellent prospect of winning the war. I am one of a large number of Americans who are profoundly disturbed at what has happened—and not happened—in this country during those ninety days.

Either we are in danger from Hitler or we are not. If there is no danger, then many of our activities in the way of preparing are a needless, criminal folly. In that case, we are certainly spending twelve billions too much this year; we are conscripting our manhood when we don't need to; we are interrupting our normal procedures inexcusably.

If on the other hand we are in danger, then there is a date in the future at which that danger will reach a maximum. On that date, whatever it is, we shall need a given amount of defensive material. Has anybody in Washington made an attempt to decide what that date is, what is the amount of material we shall require, and how to bring the two together? If any such effort is being made, it is a profound secret. On the basis of such information as is available, I doubt that any such effort has been made. I think on the contrary that those in responsible places are just trying to produce a lot of equipment in a fairly short time and are hoping rather blindly that it will be enough. But just doing "the best we can" isn't going to save us, Mr. President. We must have as much material and as many men as the other fellow, in the necessary place at the necessary time. History is peppered with the gravestones of people who failed because they only did "the best they could" and it wasn't enough.

I will go farther: It seems to me that most of the people now working on the problem, whether in the army, the navy, the National Defense Advisory Commission, in Congress, or the government bureaus, have placed on themselves a severe if unconscious restriction. They want as much defense as can be had without upsetting the existing order too much; if possible, not at all. France tried to do that and was destroyed. England tried to do it, woke up when it was almost too late and is today battling for her existence. I think there are people in authority here who, if left to their own devices, will repeat what was done in France.

The enemy against whom we are preparing doesn't have to worry about "business as usual." In his country, anybody who tried to obstruct the national-defense program for the sake of profits or for any other reason would be taken out and shot. Over there, the national-defense program includes the whole life of the nation—foreign trade, the internal price level, work for the unemployed, everything.

These are important matters for us to think about. It is possible that if he wins his present war, instead of a military attack, Hitler may make an economic one. He may try to take away our South American trade—and has a good chance to do it, with slave labor in slave factories and the power to sell below the cost of production. He may decide to appease American business groups by offering them, one by one, highly advantageous arrangements which they will find irresistible.

Whichever attack he makes will have to be met by a united and resolute American people, if we are not to go down to defeat as France did and as Britain has come so near to doing. We can't afford bad leaks and wastes at home in competing either on the economic field or the military one with a country which for years has specialized in abolishing such leaks and wastes.

What does an inventory of America show at the present time?

It shows at least a large minority, possibly more, in both Houses of Congress who are not willing to say to a stubborn factory owner: "You will help to defend America or the government will take over your plant and do the work for you." It shows the presidential candidate of the Republican Party willing to applaud this attitude. It shows Congress willing to dawdle along week after week with the financial program for our defense. It shows the business men in whose plants the work must be done on the whole willing to use congressional delay as an excuse and to postpone their own activities. It shows the army still acting as though it had all the time in the world, if not more. On Thursday, September 5, The New York Times was obliged to report that "official information indicates that the army high command is still developing experimental planes and that types for mass production have not yet been finally decided upon." It is quite possible that the unnecessary delays already experienced will prove to have been fatal ones.

Such an inventory shows our economic system shot through and through with destructive monopoly and special privilege. It shows, for example, the oil industry gouging $300,000,000 a year out of the American public by policies in restraint of trade and the National Defense Advisory Commission eagerly asking that the government drop proceedings against the conspirators for fear that if this is not done they will sulk in their tents and will not play their part in making America strong. And this case is only symptomatic. In dozens of others we see profiteering, merciless exploitation, restrictions on production and distribution. We see these things approved by men in high

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places whose job it is to make American policy. We saw until just the other day naval officers breaking up big contracts into little ones so that the contractors need not obey the labor standards of the Walsh-Healey act. We have seen the NDAC persuaded only with great difficulty to agree that during the emergency the existing labor standards should be preserved—in spite of the unanimous testimony of all the experts that only by maintaining these standards can maximum output per man per day be achieved.

If we go on as we are doing, there is grave doubt that we shall be able to meet Hitler in the military field. There is equal uncertainty that we can meet him in the economic one. But this does not mean that to be able to compete economically we should go over to a slave economy like his. On the contrary, American inventive genius, American mass-production methods, the free and willing spirit of American labor can certainly face down the competition of the totalitarians, given the chance. But they must be free; the deadening hand of special privilege must be removed.

There is a widespread impression, Mr. President, that nowadays you are pulling your punch in regard to the program of national defense. Stories are in circulation that because this is an election year, you are acting less vigorously than you might against the profiteers, the labor baiters, the monopolists, the friends of appeasement, the defeatists.

I of course do not know whether these stories are true. Probably no one knows except yourself. But I hope with all my heart that they are false. I don't believe the American people today want to have punches pulled. I believe your best chance of being reëlected will consist in doing whatever is necessary for American defense no matter whom it hurts and no matter how much he hollers. Pulling punches is what Chamberlain did in England, and the sigh of relief that went up when he was replaced by Churchill could be heard clear across the Atlantic. Churchill correctly gauged the spirit of the British people when he said:

> We have before us an ordeal of the most grievous kind. . . . I would say to the House, as I said to those who have joined this government: I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat.

Mr. President, I hope you will get tough with everybody who, for any reason, is holding back the defense program. You acted with firmness and decision a few days ago when you traded fifty old destroyers for a whole string of military bases in British territory in this hemisphere, just about the best bargain in American history. I am told that you already have the legal power to commandeer factories whose owners are unwilling to help; but even if this is not true, and if Congress should fail to give you the legal authority, you still have almost limitless power: the power of publicity.

I hope you will get tough with the special-privilege boys, some of whom have evidently got into the National Defense Advisory Commission. The attitude of some members of that commission toward monopolistic practices seems to me shocking in the extreme. If we have reached a point where any industry can hold up the government of the United States at the point of a blackmail letter, threatening not to play except on its own terms, then we are lost and our formal surrender is just a matter of time.

I hope you will get tough with the labor haters. After all, the middle class, where these labor haters are found, never yet made a single tank or gun or plane. It is the workingmen of the country who must do that job. It is the workingmen of the country who will furnish the overwhelming majority of the soldiers to die in battle, if battle proves necessary. While they are doing the job of defense they are entitled to the maintenance of an American way of life—especially since that is the best guarantee that the job of defense will be well done.

I suggest, Mr. President, that it is time you took the American people into your confidence. After all, this is their country as well as yours. I feel they are entitled to know the facts about our situation. I am confident that they can be trusted to accept these facts without getting panicky. I am quite sure that American public opinion is well ahead of Congress on this whole question. Sometimes I feel that it may now be ahead of you.

I hope you will get tough, Mr. President, with those who tell you that we can no longer afford the New Deal. I hope you will tell them that, on the contrary, we can't afford anything else. More than has ever been true in the past, this is a war of ideas. The Nazi idea is Hitlerism and all that it implies. What is our alternative idea? Everybody replies to this question, "Democracy." But just what does democracy mean to most people in this country at the present time? Is it not true that many persons who talk loudest about it are in fact fascist-minded? Is there any way to make democracy a reality except by having it work? Is it not true that the New Deal is the nearest approach to democracy in action that this country has seen?

If the answers to these questions are what I think, then you should say to the country:

"We are in a grave crisis. We have a big job to do to defend ourselves on the military and economic fronts against Hitlerism. To that cause I summon every American man, woman and child. I summon you to serve the common cause at least as wholeheartedly as a cause that is not ours is being served in the ranks of the potential enemy. I demand that you resolve the conflicts that may hold us back, that you give up whatever old traditions, no longer fitted to the new day, may be retarding our national effort."

BRUCE BLIVEN

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Province of Quebec

I. *Clericalism on Trial*

IT IS SCARCELY AN EXAGGERATION to say that the Catholic clergy in Quebec today constitutes the most powerful and most privileged ecclesiastical body in the Christian world. Though its spiritual domain is tiny by general standards—there are little more than 2,500,000 Catholics in Quebec—this tiny domain ranks among the leading contributors to the exchequer of the Vatican. But it is not as a source of revenue alone that Quebec is of importance to Rome. The warmth and the charm of French Canadian life have long been held up as a living vindication of ultramontane principles. Here was a place where Christians lived contentedly upon the soil: they worked hard, procreated prodigiously, established their numerous progeny on the land about them and withal lived in love of God. "There is biblical grandeur to such simplicity," said André Siegfried, commenting on the life of the French Canadian peasant.

But the idyllic stories of French Canadian life scarcely jibe with the harsh figures of provincial statistics: and the vaunted immutability of the mores of old Quebec has succumbed beneath the impact of the industrial revolution. The decline of the primitive peasant society is everywhere in evidence, and the Catholic Church, whose power was rooted in this society, has inevitably suffered from its decline. Whereas other sections of the Catholic Church have succeeded in adapting themselves to modern circumstances, the Church in Quebec clings tenaciously to the past. Its social polity has its closest counterpart on this continent in American Coughlinism: it is because of this, among other reasons, that the situation in Quebec today assumes such extraordinary significance.

Visitors to Quebec are invariably impressed by the monasteries and convents in uniform gray stone which abound on every hand. The extent of the clergy's holdings cannot be computed exactly because clerical corporations are specifically exempted from publishing their accounts. Estimates of the most informed sources, however, would place the total value of properties and securities held by the Church at a minimum of $500,000,000 to $600,000,000—approximately 10 percent of the total wealth of the Province. Its annual income is reputed to be in excess of $50,000,000—a sum equivalent to the net revenue of the Province in a relatively good year. Tithes are not only legally compulsory, but they obtain preference even over municipal taxes: if a citizen is in arrears both to his parish and his community, the parish collects first.

Because the school is of fundamental importance in molding a nation's citizenry, the modern state has everywhere insisted upon regulating the educational system. Quebec is the only place in the entire civilized world where the clergy still retains control over the schools. Nor does the Church confine itself to the direction of education. There are Catholic organizations for little boys and little girls; Catholic boy scouts and girl guides to escort the young *Canadiens* through the next stage of their lives; a Catholic counterpart of the YMCA (the Association Canadienne de la Jeunesse Catholique—ACJC) to provide an outlet for the energy of adolescence; there are Catholic trade unions, professional organizations, farmers' organizations and coöperatives; and finally there is the St. Jean Baptiste Society, in which the Church has a multifarious and extremely powerful social auxiliary. From baptism to last sacrament, the lives of the French Canadians are ordered and supervised by the Catholic clergy.

The clergy has used its accumulated authority both to enhance its position and to silence its enemies. In a land where the state itself did not dare to interfere with the freedom of the press, no publication could survive without clerical approval. From 1870 to 1915, some dozen or more liberal periodicals were forced out of business by ecclesiastical bans. The historian Garneau, whose monumental work on Quebec is universally accepted as standard, was compelled to delete all anti-clerical reference from the second edition of his history. In more recent times, the Church has extended its power of censorship to the radio and the cinema. A few years ago Mr. Hubert Desaulniers, head of the Canadian Civil Liberties Union, had a projected speech canceled by a Montreal radio station because of its "Protestant liberal tone." Paul Muni's film, "The Life of Emile Zola," which did not so much as breathe of anti-clericalism, was banned in Quebec because the hierarchy felt that anti-clericalism was implicit in it.

The Index Expurgatorius which safeguards the Catholic reading public of Quebec is truly awesome in its scope. Rousseau and Voltaire, Diderot and d'Alembert, Emile Zola and Anatole France are but a few of the heroic names of French thought and literature that are taboo in Quebec. Nor is the Index an idle reference list: before a Catholic can borrow a proscribed book from one of the few public libraries, he must be able to show the librarian the written permission of his parish priest.

During the last quarter of the nineteenth century the clergy on several occasions intervened in federal elections by literally threatening their followers with eternal damnation if they voted for the Liberal Party. In 1876 the Supreme Court of Canada handed down

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a decision censuring them for their political activities, and this juridical reprimand was subsequently supplemented by a stern rebuke from the Vatican. Since the turn of the century the hierarchy has been a good deal more discreet; but it is no secret in Quebec that the clergy campaigned for Duplessis in the first election of 1936 and that they supported him sub rosa in his disastrous electoral effort of October, 1939.

Before one marvels at the "biblical grandeur" of French Canadian life, it would be well to submit it to a brief sociological examination. How do its people live? What are their educational standards? What cultural achievements have they to their credit? Only by answering these questions shall we be able to estimate the credits and debits of clerical control.

In a land where everything is tainted with medievalism, nothing is more archaic than are the laws affecting women. When in April of this year the Godbout government defied the hierarchy and voted to extend the franchise to women, Quebec ceased to enjoy the unique distinction of being the only place in the British Empire where politics was still forbidden to the female sex. Embittered suffragettes point out that under the old French Civil Code which still obtains in Quebec the women are relegated to about the same position as that which they occupy in "the hinterlands of Baluchistan." When a French Canadian woman marries, she loses all legal status. Her property becomes her husband's to dispose of as he wishes—she cannot even collect on her own insurance policy without her husband's consent. It is within the husband's sole right, too, to say whether or not his wife shall have an operation, even though her life depends on it.

The table just below provides a panoramic view of the frightful social backwardness of French Canadian society. In listing the statistics for Quebec side by side with those for Ontario, we are making our comparison under almost perfect experimental conditions. The economies of Quebec and Ontario are very much alike; their farming is diversified and their total production is divided between agriculture and industry in nearly the same ratio. The figures for their total per-capita wealth are almost equal: $2,468 for Ontario, $2,269 for Quebec. Their proximity is of minor importance.

	Ontario	*Quebec*
Population (1931)[1]	3,431,683	2,874,255
MATERIAL WELFARE		
Average value, acre of farm land (1938).....	$45	$40
Gross farm revenue (1938)...	$357,201,000	$191,510,000
Number of automobiles (1937)	623,918	197,917
Number of telephones (1937)..	603,128	290,646
PUBLIC HEALTH		
Infant mortality, per 1,000 live births (1937).....	55	100
Death rate, tuberculosis per 100,000 (1937).....	35.5	88.3
Death rate, contagious diseases, per 100,000 (1937).....	52.7	93.5
EDUCATION		
Expenditure on education (1936)	$38,105,000	$19,754,000
Average teacher's salary (1936) ..	$740-2,249[2]	$460[3]
Percentage of illiterates (1931)	2.30	4.76
Number of public libraries (1935)	460	26
Circulation of books (1937)....	12,900,000	672,000

The poverty of the French Canadian masses is attributable to three things: (1) the large family system and the primitive nature of provincial agriculture; (2) the abysmal condition of education; (3) the passivity which has been inculcated in the people and the ruthless manner in which industrialists have taken advantage of it.

The scandalous state of public health is the inevitable concomitant of poverty and ignorance. Energetic efforts on the part of medical authorities have done much to improve conditions in recent years. But Quebec City still has the highest diphtheria mortality rate in the world (41.7 per 100,000 against 22.4 for its runner-up, Capetown, South Africa); and the city of Three Rivers, with an infant mortality rate of 297 per 1,000 live births, ranks way ahead of Bombay (250) and Madras (218), which are generally placed at the top of urban mortality lists. Nor can this situation be blamed on provincial atmospheric conditions. It is an almost infallible rule that the Quebec municipalities which have the greatest non-French concentration have the best public-health records, and vice-versa. In the following survey we list the four largest cities in the Province of Quebec in order of French concentration. Particularly striking is the contrast between Montreal and its twin city Verdun, an English *working-class* district which is separated from Montreal proper only by a narrow canal.

City	*Population*	*French percentage*	*Infant mortality (1937)*	*Mortality, infectious diseases*	*Mortality, tuberculosis*
Three Rivers	35,540[4]	93.5	296.8	130	145
Quebec	130,594	90.8	142.2	159.1	109.1
Montreal	818,577	63.9	86.6	58.8	87.7
Verdun	60,745	38.4	60.4	26.6	38.6

Most appalling of all is the condition of public education in the Province. Quebec is the only province in Canada where school attendance is not obligatory: the father—so the reasoning goes—cannot be deprived of the right to order the lives of his own children. In the other provinces high-school education is free; in Quebec it must be paid for at a rate of several dollars a

[1] Last year for which comparative statistics are available.

[2] There is no composite average, as there is for Quebec, of wages in elementary and secondary schools, rural and urban. The average scales up from a level of $740 for rural public schools to $2,249 for urban high schools.

[3] This is the average for Catholic lay teachers in all schools. The average for brothers and nuns is $417. The average for Protestant lay teachers in Quebec is $1,136.

[4] Figures for total population and French percentages are taken from the census of 1931. There is, however, no reason to believe that these percentages have changed much since 1931.

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month—a prohibitive figure for most French Canadian families. The natural consequence is that fully 75 percent of the French Canadian children leave school before they are twelve years old.

Laurentian nationalists complain that the land of the *habitants* no longer belongs to their descendants, that the French Canadians have received less than a half of their due proportion of the civil service, that though they constitute almost a third of the nation's population, no more than two to three percent of the engineers employed in Canada are French Canadian. What the nationalists do not adequately understand is that, if these things are so, it is thanks primarily to the educational system.

Those French Canadians who realize that cultural development is essential to national survival have protested bitterly against the *de-facto* quarantine on French literature. Old Henri Bourassa, the dean of Quebec nationalists, used to warn the clergy that the French Canadians could maintain the vitality and purity of their language only by nourishing it at its original source, that is to say in France. "If out of fear of being poisoned," he would declaim, "one ceases to eat, one dies of hunger." But despite the agitation of Bourassa and men like him, the chronic state of linguistic attrition still persists.

As for the English language, there is the classic expression of Mgr. Laflèche, one-time Bishop of Three Rivers: "*Sachez le français, mais pour ce qui est de l'anglais, apprenez-le pas trop bien.*" Know your French, but as for English, don't learn it too well.

Such are the social consequences of 170 years of clerical control in Quebec. French Canadian liberals—and their number is much greater than is commonly suspected—view the situation with genuine alarm. They feel that by failing to encourage the extension of education and by isolating their wards from French and English thought, the clergy has undermined the morale and the intellectual stamina of the French Canadian people. They see discontent rising among the French Canadian masses and hostility toward Quebec growing in English Canada: and they hope that the Church will change its course before it runs into the storm that is brewing on its present path.

MAURICE LENOIR

This is the first of two articles. The second will deal with labor and politics.—THE EDITORS

Britain in the Near East

THE NEAR EAST is stirring again. While the spotlights have been concentrated on western Europe, dramatic events have taken place in the Near East which are likely to have important, probably decisive effects on the outcome of the war. Mussolini's reckless gamble turned the Mediterranean into a war theatre second in importance only to the arena of the English Channel; but the great strategic significance of the Near East was recognized by all combatants long before the collapse of France. The large military forces which the Allies were then concentrating in that part of the world were intended not so much to checkmate the Italian dictator as to open another front against Germany. Today, what was to have been a second and subsidiary front is Britain's only potential land bridge to the Reich.

The Italians are not yet a serious menace to the British. A second-rate force is sufficient to keep them in check on all fronts. The British need only sit tight, which they can do with the present second or third-rate land and air forces in the Near East, to prostrate the Italians. In this arena certainly time works in their favor. Cut off from the homeland by the British navy, the Italian forces in Libya and East Africa rely on military and food stocks accumulated before the outbreak of the war. But those stocks were comparatively small and are rapidly diminishing. Every single cartridge, every drop of gasoline and lubricating oil, about 90 percent of the food consumed by the army and almost as high a percentage of the food needed for the Italian civil populations must come from across the Mediterranean.

The victories which the Italians have scored up to now may have made good propaganda for internal consumption, but they have been pyrrhic. The British can well afford to lose the few villages and hamlets of British Somaliland. Anybody who has traveled on these vast desert plains knows that a few dozen miles of territory either way does not change in the slightest the strategic balance. In the meantime, the Italians are forced to use up their slender reserves of munitions and fuel. Only successful major attacks on British naval bases and on the British fleet could effectively change the balance of forces. These the Italians have as yet been unable to accomplish. Even Malta, located about half an hour's flight from the numerous airports in Sicily, and which has been bombed more than a hundred times, has not yet been "sunk into the depths of the sea."

But the British cannot afford a wholly passive policy. There is not only Italy to consider. Axis propaganda among the Arabs is continuing and may produce serious internal complications, which is one thing the British cannot afford. Iran has become a center of German propaganda and the Italians are operating from al-Yemen. Immam Yehyeh, the autocratic ruler of al-Ye-

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men, has received considerable funds, medical supplies and munitions from the Italians. Should Mussolini convince him that the moment is propitious for squaring old accounts with Ibn Saud, a fire would be started which might spread to Egypt and to Bagdad.

More disturbing to the British is the possibility of German reinforcements, especially in the air. At present there do not seem to be any German troops or air forces either in Italy or in her colonies. But the possibility that a protracted stalemate in this theatre would force Mussolini to accept, unpleasant though it might be, aid from his Axis partner must not be overlooked. Finally, there is the supreme fact that the Near East and Turkey constitute the sole road to Germany's unfortified back door. To open this road the British will have to concentrate far greater military forces than they have now, and—what is certainly no less important—will need the active coöperation of the various Near Eastern states, including Turkey, which they do not have at present.

Britain's failure to win the active support of the native peoples is undoubtedly one of the most disturbing aspects in a complicated picture. The overwhelming majority of Egyptians, Arabs and Turks have no love for the dictators; the vast sums of money spent by Germany and Italy have converted a totally insignificant number of paid propagandists. And the Arabs know that the oft-repeated Roman slogan "Jibuti, Tunis, Morocco, Corsica" notwithstanding, it is not these territories that Il Duce covets most, but the richer British-controlled Arab lands. This has been an open secret to all who have talked off the record with leaders of the Italian Colonial Institute and similar fascist bodies. The French territories are poor, devoid of natural resources and no more able to solve Italy's overpopulation and other economic problems than Libya or Ethiopia. The Arab lands, however, are rich in some of the resources in which the fascist motherland is greatly deficient, notably oil; they could absorb large numbers of Italian immigrants, especially if part of the native population were to be exterminated, as has already been done in Italian Libya.

If knowledge of these fascist ambitions has not thrown the whole Near East into the arms of the British, the latter can blame this unnatural situation on nobody but themselves. It is not only that British propaganda has been inept and has failed to strike responsive chords. This time no Colonel Lawrence has brought to the Near East an idea with which to set the desert on fire. More significant still, the British have tried to fight the war without relinquishing a single one of their imperial interests, real or imaginary. As in India, London has offered nothing but negatives in exchange for aid in the mortal struggle.

Long before the outbreak of the war every informed student of Arabian affairs knew that Pan-Arabism offered the one idea by which the Arabs could be won over to support the British cause. Pan-Arabism is a living ideal among all native intellectuals and nationalists, including those of Egypt. They realize that individually the eight or nine petty states now struggling for survival in the Near East are bound to be victimized by European imperialism. Pan-Arabism is motivated by political, military, economic, racial and, perhaps most important of all, cultural and religious considerations. But the most advanced sections of the native population realized also that without European —especially British—aid they would be powerless to translate the ideal into a reality.

The situation presented Britain with great opportunities. I do not doubt for a moment that the Near Eastern picture would be considerably different had Britain announced that victory in the war would result in the establishment of an independent Arab federation. Unfortunately, British counsels have been divided and no significant statement of policy has come forth. The War Office and the intelligence division of the Royal Air Force, thinking in terms of spheres of influence and imperial communications, have refused to hear of so revolutionary a change. Experience in India has taught them that British interests can be safeguarded best under Balkan conditions; and even the war has been to them no sufficient reason for departing from the tried policy of divide and rule.

The same lack of vision, the same poverty in constructive statesmanship, has been evident in Britain's handling of the Palestine problem. The former Secretary of Colonies, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, deserves credit for alienating both of the major communities of the Holy Land. He failed to satisfy the Arabs and sold the Zionists down the river for less than a song. Instead of making use of the trained and youthful Zionist community, the arrogant British officials until recently have slammed the door in the face of the Zionist leaders who came hat in hand begging to be allowed to help Britain fight a war which is also their war. At present the situation in the Near East is far from satisfactory. Most likely the British will be able to hold their own against the Italians because of the weakness of the latter. But far-reaching political and military changes will be necessary if the immense strategic potentialities of the Near East are to be exploited. The Turks, it is safe to assert, have not yet switched to the German bandwagon. The Ankara statesmen are supreme realists, and they realize that their interests are inexorably tied to those of Britain. But continuation of the present muddling policies may force them too to take the road to Munich; and Bagdad, Teheran, and possibly Cairo will go the way Ankara goes. London does not have much time to waste. The end of the hot weather brings renewed activity in that part of the world. Whether the British will rise to the possibilities, only time will tell.

ALBERT VITON

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Letters from England

THE BOMBING of recent weeks has almost completely broken up the apathy that was noticeable before the defeat of France and that, just after Dunkirk, appeared to be turning into a "Forlorn Hope" state of mind—a state which we take to fairly naturally, as a nation, and which we superstitiously fancy is lucky to us. But it would have been dangerous to us this time, I am convinced, and I am glad to be able to report that we've taken the other road now. There was a moment, over the Altmark affair, when the people showed *gusto* —and now they are showing the same kind of thing, and I believe it is fine; exactly what we need to set against that massed enthusiasm and sentimental frenzy of the fascist state of mind.

At any rate, I've just had a chance of talking to a boy of twenty who is on a minesweeper. I know him very well and intimately. He was a herring-fisherman and comes of a fishing family in this place. He is ordinary; he is very nice, very tough, and there's no fake about him. He told me a lot: registering scorn for the army, admiration for the air force, liking for the navy, admiration for the minesweepers and trawler men, liking for Churchill, no knowledge of any of the others at all and (very surprising from this boy and this place) profound and violent and deliberate rage with the people who've gone to America and Canada, with the people who still go about in cars, wasting gasoline, with the people who've taken money and goods out of the country, and above all with the members of Parliament who made a getaway. And he spoke with the utmost scorn (and some fear) about the Blackshirts—both in and out of prison.

Although it is extremely disturbing to us to know how aliens are being treated (the situation is unnervingly like that in France) yet the still popular feeling for liberty is strong enough to keep open for us the small freedom of being able to complain in the press. The News-Chronicle especially is doing very well about that; so is the cheap picture daily, The Mirror. But it's being a very hard fight to protect our laws and liberties, and for that we have to look to you for serious help. France is a terrifying warning to us of what happens to the morale of a people who fail to resist. Shelley Wang, saying "The language of peace is resistance" got to the root of the matter. We're fighting briskly for the aliens' camps to be improved, for restrictions to be lightened, for "decree" laws to be less stupid, less oppressive. And so on.

I can tell you one thing, a heartening sign of progress made in civilization: I have not spoken to one person, man or woman, civilian or serving, who hasn't expressed the utmost loathing for war and the most intense (not only nostalgic, but forward-looking) longing for peace. There is a very good chance that, if anyone praised war to any gathering of men and women in England today (soldiers, sailors, airmen, workers, women) that person would be killed. And I don't believe even a policeman would try to save him.

But here are some letters from "ordinary" people, absolutely untouched-up, and as genuine as the writers made them. It is understood that in wartime sincerity is at its lowest, although in this war it is perhaps less adulterated than it was last time:

Letter from the wife of a Kent miner, posted August 21 from Deal. – My dearest Sister and all: Just a few lines hoping you are all well these awful times. We have been having an awful time here we see all the battles from here. We have been very brave up to Sunday when they dropped bombs here. I thought our last hour had come but God was on our side. There was no one killed a few injured it caused a big fire to a Furniture shop close. Three dropped in the Church Yard where Poor Lily is buried two were time bombs and went off in the evening. . . . One dropped in a field at the back of Cathy's house & went off in the evening. It was Lucky we were not down there as Cathy & I was down there putting flowers on the Grave the Sunday before. They won't let us go in there yet. It upset me so I could not eat anything all day Monday. The brute won't let even the Dead rest in peace. I heard on the Wireless they had dropped bombs round Norfolk I hope it is not near you. Nearly all the People round here that went away have come back . . . as it don't make much difference where you are now they seem to be getting there so we must all trust in God to take care of us. . . . If you had seen the German planes that was over us you would never forget it. God bless you and keep You all safe untill we meet again.

Letter from a London charwoman, August 24.–We certainly are having a very trying time with these air raid. Sunday dinner time tea-time and last night. I am still very plucky. we have got a nice air-raid shelter and we all go into it but how dreadfull the poor creatures that are suffering and losing their homes. Bertie's Uncle as lost all—during sunday's raids like hundreds more. We can not tell when our time may come. I wish Barbara was nearer she is well. Have just finished writing and the air-raid warning as begun again Sat: morning.

Letter from a London journalist, written from Hampshire, August 22. – We—this funny collection of cottages—just thrown into a state of extreme fury by screaming-bomb attack. As you say, they seem to come in & out of one's bedroom window. But, as you probably know, the "scream" is not terrifying & is a great assistance to personnel on the ground. Two JU. 88 in a field nearby-ish, very imposing. Farmer collected crew of second. God collected crew of first. Villagers collect for Spitfire at gate of field. Cows very irritable.

VALENTINE ACKLAND

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Washington Notes

Where Are the War Debts?

THERE IS A REPORT, or intelligent conjecture—the nearest substitute we have for fact in these times of closed-door diplomacy—that a settlement of the British war debt was to be announced simultaneously with Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Churchill's agreement on naval and air bases and destroyers. In the event, the war debts were not mentioned. But it is believed that, if the Roosevelt-Churchill agreement contains secret clauses, one of their chief subjects is a war-debt settlement.

Certain members of the English Cabinet, it is understood here, thought that the United States ought to be asked to pay a rent for its new bases in Newfoundland, Bermuda, the Barbadoes and Trinidad that would equal the war debts' amortized value. We would get the bases, in other words, and Britain would receive cancellations of her debt. Under this plan, the destroyers would constitute a separate deal. We would send the destroyers to England, and the British Treasury would give us cash for them.

Since the value of the British war debt is nominally four and a third billions, while the original cost of the destroyers was only $85,000,000, and their present worth not more than $25,000,000, such an arrangement would clearly have been to Britain's advantage. Cancellation of the war debt would have permitted Britain to obtain credits in Wall Street, now forbidden under the Johnson Act. But it seems certain that England was also concerned over sheer national prestige. The British are a funny people, and, if the Empire was about to collapse—as appeared possible last July—they wanted to go out of business with all debts paid.

The agreement that was actually announced, it will be noted, contained no precise *quid pro quo*. In its text, self-seeking and vulgar motives were specifically denied. The United States was granted its Atlantic bases as a sort of good-will offering, and in return we promised England, not exactly fifty destroyers, but an unnamed quantity of military and naval equipment. It is believed here that, at the last moment, the agreement was stripped of all mention of both war-debt cancellation and cash payment.

The change is thought to have been at Mr. Roosevelt's desire. He is supposed to have feared both Congress and the electorate. As a practical matter, the value of the British war debt is about as speculative as a wild-cat oil well, but, during the election campaign, its cancellation could have been made to sound like an enormous sacrifice on our part. As the agreement now stands, however, it looks as if we were concluding an immensely sharp bargain. We are obtaining literally invaluable air and naval bases in return for a measly parcel of broken-down warships.

Administration experts—while unwilling to deny or confirm that Britain asked for debt cancellation—minimize its importance. They point out that Britain is fighting a far more economical war than she did a generation ago, and has no immediate need to raise money here. The British are buying as much as possible within their Empire, where they can use paper pounds. In South America, especially Argentina, they are exerting totalitarian pressures to force the purchase of their exports. About the only place where they are really using gold and foreign exchange is in the United States. But, even if their present rate of buying here is considerably increased, they have resources to last for at least another year, probably much longer. However, the experts say, such calculations are almost certainly beside the point. The United States is now clearly committed to a British victory; whenever necessary, war debts and the Johnson Act will be swept into history's ash can.

The sponsorship of the present campaign to have the United States extend to Australia the same sort of defense guarantee just given Canada is obscure. The flight of Pan American planes to Australia and New Zealand, and the personally conducted visit of American newspapermen to the Dutch East Indies and Singapore, however, leave no doubt that such a campaign is in progress. It would be a logical concomitant of our stiff attitude towards Japan, and—although Japan may break out at any moment—so far our non-appeasement policy has brought gratifying results. Incidentally, our acquisition of Atlantic bases, even though they will not be built and fortified for many months, enables us to keep greater naval forces in the Pacific, and increases our restraining influence in the Far East.

The heartiest congratulations are due to Mr. Sidney Hillman for his success in persuading the National Defense Advisory Commission to adopt a liberal, pro-union labor policy. The NDAC is now publicly committed to take action against corporations that resort to anti-union practices. To gain an idea of the course that business men would have pursued, it is only necessary to refer to the current Fortune poll of some 15,000 corporation heads, in which 56.6 percent favored abrogation of the right to strike during the present emergency.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Happy Days Are Here Again

IT IS VERY PLEASANT to have a pleasant tune to play. It is this. The business outlook begins to look positively bright. Which merely proves that there is no sort of human condition, however dark, that does not have its bright side. War threatens to expose to us once more—if only for a fleeting moment—that bright side.

Our heroic truckmen carried 17 percent more goods last month than a year ago. Our railroads toted 11 percent more freight. Our chain stores sold 8 percent more goods and our electric plants pumped out 9 percent more power. Even our exports were better. They were 50 percent better in July than they were in July of 1939.

A mysterious group of gentlemen known to the press as "government economists" informs us officially that by July 1, 1941, at least 4,500,000 more people will be at work as a result of the war preparations. And this, of course, does not include about 2,000,000 young men who will be in the army, thus making room for 2,000,000 more jobs.

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England spent two billion dollars with us this year, the financial pages tell us, and will duplicate that the second year of the war. While our Wall Street chroniclers inform us that at last—"at long last"—the much yearned-for and indispensable new industry has been found, the industry that will do for us what the auto industry did, put perhaps five or six million people to work and introduce us to another period of prosperity, I say, after so much grousing and groaning, it is pleasant to record these glad tidings.

There is, of course, but one fly in the ointment—Germany or England may crack up and put an end to the war. Peace—the terrible scourge of peace—may descend upon us and end this great war industry. If it does it will be one of the greatest economic calamities of our time. And the extent of the calamity in each country will be measured by the extent to which that country has built war under its economic system as a prop.

However, there is some ground for supposing that the war mood and the militarism plans will survive the war in this country. The fear of invasion has been sold to the American people so extensively that the economic benefits —even though temporary—of military preparedness on borrowed funds are rapidly becoming so enticing to our conservative friends that they may well succeed in rationalizing a continuance of our gigantic plans. The future, to be sure, is a little overcast and it is very difficult to see through the fog. We have to contend with the instrument of propaganda now loosed upon this country with a violence which, I think, few of us suspected was possible. In what direction it will be turned should the war end, I do not pretend to know. But I know that the conditions of sane consideration of our problems are gone. I do not know how long this will last. While it lasts we may have prosperity.

While I am on this theme let me say a word about a short editorial in The New Republic of September 9, commenting on my column in that same issue. The editorial says that I advance an interesting theory to the effect that "the country is in no danger at all from Hitler" and that the "war scare has been cooked up by President Roosevelt as an excuse to cover his own designs, which include militarization of the country and the destruction of democracy, as a preliminary to setting up a totalitarian government."

The New Republic, as well as other journals for which I write, contain frequent letters from readers disagreeing with varying degrees of energy with what I have to say. I never make any reply to these. And I most certainly do not object to them. I have my say in my column. Whatever criticism may be made of me I think I may say that I try to discuss issues and men and do not introduce myself as a character into my column. In other words, I try at least not to have it come down to mere personal discussion.

However, when The New Republic editors quote me or refer to me, I feel I am entitled to correct interpretation of what I say. And I think it is very far from correct to say that I have ever, anywhere, charged that Roosevelt is plotting to set up a totalitarian regime and that he has cooked up a war scare as a cloak to that end. I do believe that he has cooked up the war scare—and one of these days, when minds are calmer, I will prove it. I do believe that he is trying to militarize the country. I do not see how anyone can doubt that. But I have never believed that he was aiming at a totalitarian regime. I have said that his policies, like those of the Weimar Republic in Germany, were paving the way for the loss of democracy and that in due time, when some man with the talent and the temper to try for dictatorship appears on the scene, the stage will be set for him just as the stage was set for Hitler in Germany by those who desired him least.

JOHN T. FLYNN

Hitchcock in Hollywood

ALFRED HITCHCOCK seemed to be fooling around where he didn't belong in his last two pictures ("Jamaica Inn" and "Rebecca"), but in "Foreign Correspondent" the man has done it again. The plot is bare enough, a routine Oppenheimer about an American reporter who gets caught up in international intrigue between peacemakers and warmongers as of about a year ago—the better part of the action lying in Holland and England. But with Hitchcock it isn't ever so much what was done as what it was done with. He has explored the range of the modern story-film farther than any other man; and if you have any interest in the true motion and sweep of pictures, watching that man work is like listening to music.

Taking the picture for what it is, however—basically spy melodrama with more emphasis on keeping going than on where—there are still awkward bits. Joel McCrea is an awkward bit—at least when he figures that the part requires acting. The meeting of the peace society has prominently ham elements; the terrific secret is pretty meaningless; and the speechification is sometimes overdone, especially toward the end. Otherwise it goes like the night mail, from the home office to London to The Hague and a shooting in the rain. Then a wonderful sequence out in the flat country and inside the sinister windmill, the chase to London and the murderous practices uncovered there, evil closing in, the flight in the clipper, the wreck (this last, with its eerie sensation of being fired upon and magnificent water shots, is one of the big dramatic effects in pictures).

Whatever the framework, a detective story with Hitchcock is no longer a detective story—though he's after the same action and suspense, and gets it. He loves details like a Dutch painter, and crowds his set with them, whether they are the wonderful mechanics of the windmill (a Hitchcock interior if you ever saw one) or the Great Dane lumbering around, or the Lett with the blueplate eyes, or the silly dame, or the local constabulary all speaking Dutch. He loads his set with them without loading down his action; and because everything and everybody aren't direct accessories to the plot, so many mechanical aids, you get the effect of life, which also has its dogs and casual passers-by who are real without having anything to do with any plot you know about. He makes a character out of every extra.

Another of his tricks is to show you the little birdie—*i. e.*, he likes to have a bland face or a sweet old lady personify evil, and the tricky-looking fellow turn out to be a right one all along. Even here he shuffles the types around so there is still no rule-of-thumb, for Mr. Cianelli and his mobsters are sinister enough, and the scene in the torture room is enough to leave you with the creeps. Another trick is the strange-mechanical, like the reversing windmill, the assassin's camera, the disappearing car. And he likes to scare you with high and precarious places.

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Above everything there is a feeling of how to use sound and things and people for suspensive effect that is like a painter's sense of color or like a musician's sense—if you haven't got it you can't buy one, and you can copy every last trick in a Hitchcock picture without having anything but Boris Karloff left. He likes to play with wind and rain, with natural music (as opposed to atmospheric scores, though there is too much of one here) and a natural background murmur of people talking without the words coming out, of street-noises or machinery or just the wind and rain by themselves. He knows where to set the microphone and camera to catch the effect he has figured out, and with all the devices of this complex art completely under his fingers, you may be sure a person never enters a deserted building or a dark alley without your wondering actively if he will ever come out.

Group scenes too, in action or repose. One of the hardest things film men have had to learn is not to spot one thing out of many by rubbing your nose in it; another, more often achieved, is how to keep a lot of people milling around desperately without the focus getting lost and the end confused.

Add humor. Hitchcock knows suspense should not get too tight, so there is always some absurd side-talk going on, often with edge to it. Robert Benchley is the principal funny man here—though others keep popping up—and the mixture of his feverish ride on the water wagon and his comments on the practice of foreign correspondence is a nice thing to have around. He apparently wrote his own part, and if he didn't have a hand in the general dialogue, somebody did who was good and witty.

In short, if you would like a seminar in how to make a movie travel the lightest and fastest way, in a kind of beauty that is peculiar to movies alone, you can see this once, and then again to see what you missed, and then study it twice. If all you're out for is an evening you'll have that too—or what do you want for 35-75 cents?

In "Lucky Partners" Ginger Rogers has changed her hair but not whatever it is she's got that gets us, and Ronald Colman is as charming and steady as ever, and there are some very nice minor people to see, so we can pay less attention than usual to the story (*and* the title). The story is a Sacha Guitry affair, a pretty thin fantasy: a famous but disillusioned and incognito painter goes halves on a sweepstakes ticket with a girl, and conducts an experiment with her on the winnings. He wants to take her for a platonic spin through the world before she settles down to marry a rather porky insurance chap, to see if this will settle or unsettle her for small-town housewifery. It is as you guessed, though after quite a bit of trouble. Lewis Milestone directed, in his first comedy assignment in years, and I wish he had had a better story: steering a course between the Hays office and the laws of probability in bedroom mix-ups is no man's apple pie, and a thing like the old wishing-well couple in the story will send strong men to the nearest bar. As it is, he gets some good and unusual comedy out of what is there, and a closing scene in court that takes second place only to the juridical opening of "My Favorite Wife." It may depend on the mood you're in, but this seems one of those comedies with a glow on it.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

His [Charles Lindbergh's] basic philosophy is that either Germany or Britain will win or the war will be a stalemate. – *From the "Truth and Public Opinion" column of The Detroit Free Press.*

Kai Schou, Copenhagen newspaperman, said, "If it were not for the German troops there, one would never think that the country was occupied by a foreign power." – *From a news story printed in The Omaha World-Herald.*

Dabbing just a tiny, tiny bit of rouge on the lobe of your ear and at the base of your throat? On the lobe of your ear it carries your facial makeup up farther and lends a prettiness that makes your ears look extremely delicate. At the base of your throat it appears to make a tiny hollow which to some people is extremely desirable. – *From Betty Dutton's column in The Boston Daily Globe.*

The Apes

Bands of Hungarians have invaded Transylvania in the vicinity of Satu Mare and have started gorilla warfare, it was disclosed today. – *From PM.*

Mrs. B. B. Wolf

Mrs. Whitman, a Virginian, said she first decided to work for Roosevelt when she read some Republican campaign literature in the Landon campaign, telling about the killing of little pigs. She said she favored continuing President Roosevelt's social benefits. – *From an item in The New York Times.*

Nights Is Out in Europe

The author of the vivid anti-Nazi play, "There Shall Be No Light," went on the air to tell the British that "the vast majority of Americans know that the future of our free institutions and our democratic faith is at stake in the Battle of Britain." – *From an item in PM.*

But Definitely

The Duchess [of Windsor] had a definitely appealing quality when she admitted of having left France hurriedly without an adequate wardrobe and when she told of having been without the services of a hairdresser since leaving Lisbon for the Duke's new station. – *A. P. dispatch from Nassau, printed in The Towanda, Pennsylvania, Daily Review.*

Leave That to Baby

If the baby is restless he may be wet, or too warm, or too cold. Something may be scratching him. There may be wrinkles in the bed clothing. He may be lying in a cramped position. The band or the diaper may be too tight. He may have been overfed or may have had something unsuitable to eat or may be hungry or thirsty. The room may be too light, too noisy, or not sufficiently aired. The mother must not be overanxious about these details. – *From "Infant Care," Children's Bureau Publication No. 8, U. S. Department of Labor.*

How Many Greeks Will It Carry?

Trojan Horse. Patriotic groups, attention! Rent or sell you full-size replica of this symbol of 5th column activities. – *Advertisement in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

He's Gone, Let Him Go

SIR: Joseph F. Dinneen of up Boston way recently took the better part of five pages of Mr. Stout's Saturday Evening Post to say why he is "resigning" from the American Newspaper Guild.

Now I don't know Joe. Doubtless he is a nice boy. Apparently he makes a good salary and is one of the newspapermen we've all met who used to say: "Well, the Guild is all right for you cubs, but really there's nothing in it for me. My salary is above any minimum the Guild can set."

Then, too, Joe was impressed by the fact that the Guild attracted such top-income people as Winchell, Pegler, Lippmann and Miss Thompson. Most of us feel differently about their memberships. They came in because "the boys" did; not in the manner of Heywood Broun.

Joe's last sentence attracted notice from Eleanor Roosevelt, a member of the New York Guild, who wrote in her column, "My Day," that "Much of what he says is perfectly true."

That windup of Joe's said: "The Guild cannot influence, either directly or indirectly, what I think, what I write, how I vote, or how I cover a strike. It cannot bind me to Labor's Non-Partisan League or commit me to any political party; and there are thousands of newspapermen who feel the same way about it. And so . . . I resign."

Now nobody asked Joe or anybody else in the Guild to be influenced directly or indirectly. No cables from Moscow or New York's Thirteenth Street ever came to Chattanooga while we were handling the first Guild strike in the South on The Chattanooga News. No agent of the national office ever complained to The Chattanooga Times about my handling of a strike story—nor did the management of that paper (owned by The New York Times). We managed, as did other Guildsmen in the South, to follow the Democratic Party down there without objection from Guild headquarters.

Joe admits the Guild helped a good deal in the lower brackets; that publishers, fearing the growing union, raised the wages of their employees in a smart effort to keep it out of their editorial departments. But Joe brags, like a small boy, about crossing another union's picket line at a restaurant. That's all right for Joe. Some of us feel that if we want the support of other unions we must and of right should support them in their struggles—that is, as trade-union members.

Joe doesn't need the Guild and thank God the Guild doesn't need Joe. The organization will continue to rock along without his dues and perhaps manage to win another strike or so despite his being on the other side. So long, Joe; it's been nice leaving you.

Philadelphia, Pa. TRAVIS K. HEDRICK

Pro-Villard

SIR: Almost as pitiful as the intellectual contortionism of frantic Freda Kirchwey in her attempt to justify conversion of the once-honorable Nation into a recruiting broadside, was your own effort to reply to Mr. Villard in the August 19 issue.

You confess naïvely: "When the terms of the Versailles Treaty were eventually published, the editors at once concluded that the chief cause for which they had favored entrance into the War had been betrayed." Nice to know their awakening was so prompt; for some months scores of the men whom their "liberal" journal was supposed to serve as spokesman had been going to prison bcause they were a little more discerning—or a great deal more courageous—than The New Republic's editors.

You could have edited Mr. Soule's leader down to a catch-phrase: "Once a sucker, always a sucker." The Nation's tragedy is greater: at least it opposed the folly of 1917.

Great Falls, Mont. JOSEPH K. HOWARD

Fifty-four Forty and Fight Too

SIR: I see a piece in your paper called "Universal Military Service" [July 1]. You say what you favor is what the President seems to favor. "It would apply," you say, meaning compulsory reveille at five A. M., "not to the whole population, but to young men only."

Hello, uncle.

But what the hell is this young-men-only business? You know young men aren't good for anything but $21 a month or youth conventions. Do you stop to consider what life is like for an aged-in-the-wood top-sergeant with a company of short-horn punks all wetting the bed? Or 50,000 top-sergeants?

Uncle, this is where you come in. If you want to make a gag out of it, put the roof on the draft-age at twelve. Otherwise, the absolute bottom has got to be forty-nine, because by that time a man has bred his offspring, become intolerable to his wife, paid his taxes and rolled up his life insurance.

At fifteen a young man should be selling papers so he can be presidential timber some day. If he isn't presidential timber by forty-nine, he won't be. That's simple.

Now all you uncles crowding forty-nine, or past it: you're too modest. Or something. You're really the men we want. If you die in the tenth year of the war, what's the odds, you didn't have much expectancy anyway. Who cares? Your wife? Don't be silly. If you don't die, you've got your social security; you're retired, honorably. But the important thing is, you know your way around before you start. You're the best soldiers. Seasoned; wary; no chances. *You* get shot by a bullet? *You* get caught in a raid? Why it's absurd. You've been in business or in New York traffic. You're the survival type. We need you.

Forget your modesty; organize companies. Call them the forty-niners and make every man forty-eight or under an envious squirt, too green to burn. Why, do you know a thing? My old man was an officer in the National Guard during the last war, and mother could hear him yelling right-shoulder, HIKE! two miles away in our farmhouse and shake her head and say, "Do go to bed now, Wadsworth; your father is a little vexed today." My old man had a saber and eyes that would scare your pants off, even then. My eyes won't do anything of the kind even yet. Too young.

My grandfather on my mother's side, old Samuel Gainsay, missed the Civil War from being still on the old sod; the Spanish-American purely from not hearing of it in time. But I will guarantee you that during the World War while my old man was off hollering "Right by squads, HRRK!" grandfather Somyel could completely cover me with hay any time he was pitching while I stowed, and catch me in any chase that didn't involve corners, which really was nothing against him as he'd cut out his wearing shoes to ease his feet so that they were like skis on a sharp turn or jump. He was a great old codger, though a bit weak in the head in his last years, and thus I suppose would have been sent back to the general staff.

And my old Uncle Wadsworth has just been kicked out of

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a foreman job he's held for thirty years. He now has nothing to do but live on social security and talk about the present administration and how people out of a job don't want one. He is your man. I have another uncle who feels ditto about the administration and people out of work, who was just kicked upstairs in a firm he's worked for all his life and was promised a partnership in twenty-seven years ago. It's a dry-goods firm and he'd be a fine man in the quartermaster department. There's another uncle who probably wouldn't make anything but officer material: he was a shop foreman and a good man in his time, but is becoming more and more eligible since his demotion from night-watchman to home relief.

What I mean to say is, if I can find such a good recruiting base in my own family, why can't 10,000 others? We will need the usual front and rear ranks, of course, but haven't we got them? How about Archy MacLeish, Lewis Mumford, Waldo Frank, Professor Schuman? They all seem hot to go now.

Of course there always has to be some under-age youth to handle such minor details as the sighting and breech mechanism of a sixteen-inch gun, the driving of a tank, the care and use of a Browning automatic. Now, therefore, when you get your warlike company together, I will step out of line, I will gladly leave peacetime pursuits to do the necessary. I'll be your gun layer and mascot: the babe of the regiment.

But I'll give you my nearly famous odds of 97 to 3 that in such capacity my services will not be required. I'm betting a strong hunch that once the slogan becomes fifty-four forty and fight too, all Congressmen in the front rank and no franking for the duration, Mumford and Schuman and all other sawhorse lancers of the vim-and-vintage type on outpost duty, two on and four off and mud up to your, uh, waist—we will be a damn sight slower about saving democracy and the fruity sense of the whole. But if you don't think so, why don't you try it? You've had your fun and got your place in the country. The hay's all in; now up and at 'em. We'll hold your jobs open for you, in the few cases where there's any need of it. In other words, it's fine to have an army and there's something about a soldier and into the trenches before Christmas.

But after you.

And none of this literary ambulance driving either, you hear?

New York City WADSWORTH MULROONEY

Mr. Stewart's Sense of Humor

SIR: That was an excellent review of "Malcolm Cowley: A Self Portrait" in your issue of August 12. And how clever of you to get Cowley himself to write the review! If I may presume to voice any criticism, it would be only to state that I thought one or two of Mr. Cowley's points were not as clear as some of the others, as, for example, when he states his belief that "the war in Europe is essentially a civil war, fought to decide what class will rule the world." I was a little confused as to what class, under this definition, Hitler is supposed to be representing, but Mr. Cowley's answer is presumably "the Upper Classes" (as opposed, naturally, to those great proletarian leaders Churchill, Halifax and Chamberlain). I was also not quite sure of the clarity of Mr. Cowley's worry concerning the present curious bedfellows of the League of American Writers (among whom he lists Father Coughlin, Henry Ford, Colonel Lindbergh and The Chicago Tribune) in view of the fact that on the side of Mr. Cowley's angels in this "class war" are arrayed the duPonts, Thomas Lamont and J. P. Morgan. But on the whole I thought he plunged his dagger quite adroitly in what he is pleased to term the "corpse" of the League of American Writers, and although the League happens to be far from that mournful condition I am sure that its sympathies are due Mr. Cowley for the sorrow this act must have caused him.

And as for his other mistakes and confusions, they are presumably adequately covered by his definition of the present conflict as a "civil" war in which, possibly, Mr. Cowley and his fellow intellectuals have seceded from an embarrassing position into the happy safety of being on the "right side." At any rate, his "Self Portrait" is an important contribution to the collected rationalizations of the 1940 Walter Lippmanns, and I congratulate him and his fellow members of the American "Old School Tie" group.

There is one major mistake, however, against which I must protest. I didn't edit the "Self Portrait." I edited a book called "Fighting Words" which, by some error, was used as the occasion for Mr. Cowley's self-disabuse. Possibly some day this modest little volume may also have the honor of being reviewed in your publication.

Carmel, Calif. DONALD OGDEN STEWART

[Mr. Cowley reviewed "Fighting Words" in the first two paragraphs of his article. He gave it 323 words, which is more than it had then received in other magazines and quite as much, he says, as it deserves. — THE EDITORS]

False Alarm

SIR: Some college professor in a recent issue alleges that there are so many fires in Southern forests because people like to change the scenery and to see the fire-fighting apparatus. Fires and smoke are so routine in the fall that no one would look at them for recreation, and we do not send our fire trucks for wood fires.

Aberdeen, Miss. CHARLES G. HAMILTON

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Roland A. Beens, a Grand Rapids man, thanks us for the third article in the series of what happens when the Republicans get in: "Pipe-Line Government in Michigan" (August 26). He says that is the sort of thing which later becomes known as history, and has pointed the fact out to The Grand Rapids Press and The Grand Rapids Herald. He admits it was largely a gesture; he is sure they don't care.

Fred R. Ohl of Clayton, Georgia, rebukes us for the paragraph "Ten-Percent Patriots" (August 19), in which he feels we gave industry too severe a ribbing for its role in the last war. He says U. S. Steel, with whose record he is familiar, raised wages, paid taxes, bought Liberty Bonds and was kind to its mother. . . . To Duncan Cassidy, who writes on the stationery of The (New Orleans) Police Reporter, and wants to know why we pay any attention to what Hitler could do to *us*, when and if the world becomes his cherrystone cocktail, we answer about as we have answered several score of our more belligerently pacifist correspondents recently: What odds are you giving us, in cold folding money, that France will not be defeated? The odds should be half-way long, since every thinking person *knows* that Hitler's next move is eastward, and that France rests secure behind the Maginot Line. Or doesn't every thinking person? It is rather a job convincing our thinking correspondents that unlike them and Hitler, we don't make the world, we only live in it—not always with complaisance.

Parcel-post Mailbox. — W. T. Hatch of New York City wonders why our foreign news isn't more readable, especially as concerns the Balkans. He says that now King Carol has lost his job, it's about time somebody printed a very anonymous poem that has been going the rounds these many years:

Said the beauteous Magda Lupescu
As she flew to Rumania's rescue:
"It's a wonderful thing
To be under a king.
Is democracy better, I esk you?"

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Books in Review

Trust-Buster's White Paper

ADMINISTRATIVE HISTORY, like any other form, has its paradoxes. And one of them is that the Thurman Arnold who wrote the savage chapter in "The Folklore of Capitalism" deriding the anti-trust laws should have turned out to be, in his tenure as Assistant Attorney General, the most militant enforcer the Sherman Act has had in the half-century of its history. The "theorist," as theorists have in our time increasingly a way of doing, has shown himself fully a match for the "practical men": he has been resourceful, hard-hitting, decisive, knowing when to put on pressure and when to compromise. As the newspaper accounts testify day after day, he is doing a thoroughgoing job of policing the whole range of price policy in American industry. And he does it with an eye so closely fixed upon the American tradition, both in law and economics, as to make his position hard for the big business men to assail.

Arnold as traditionalist may seem a new Arnold to the many readers of his two earlier books, "The Symbols of Government" and "The Folklore of Capitalism." And in some ways it is a new Arnold who speaks in this third book,[1] which presents the philosophy, the purposes, the procedures and the tactic of his job as anti-trust enforcer. In "The Bottlenecks of Business" you will not find the witty, suggestive and irresponsible play of thought which had by turns shocked and delighted his readers. The present Arnold is first and foremost a hard-working government official—one of the best of the group of legal and economic technicians in Washington who are making administrative history. His new book is clear, direct and forceful, with an earthy tang to it. In a real sense it is a government document of great importance—an explanation of what a crucial part of our apparatus for economic control has been doing, and why. It is the White Paper of the 1940 version of American trust-busters. But it is an amazing White Paper, with warmth and simplicity, and hard horse-sense.

Let me say first of all that the 1940 version of the trust-buster is very different from the 1900 version of T. R., or the 1912 version of Wilson's New Freedom, or the 1933 version of the NRA days. The men of 1900 assumed, as we can no longer assume, a normal competitive economy that is disturbed by monopolists and can be restored by judicial policing. T. R. made a great show of trust-busting, but—as Arnold points out—there was very little enforcement activity under him, and his staff during his whole anti-trust crusade consisted of five lawyers and four stenographers. Wilson put his faith in the searchlight of public exposure plus the Federal Trade Commission to regulate unfair competitive practices. And the Roosevelt of the NRA days felt that he had to relax the anti-trust laws by necessity, as his predecessors Harding and Coolidge had relaxed them by inattention. What changed the direction of New Deal anti-trust policy was not only the collapse of the NRA, but even more the recognition that monopoly was a far-flung problem of price and production policy in the whole economic structure. This recognition was the occasion for the work of the TNEC (Temporary National Economic Committee) and has in turn been strengthened by its investigations.

Arnold's thesis about our economic system is that it is intended to be, and can be, a free-market economy; and that what prevents it from being one is "the private seizure of industrial power" through price-fixing and agreements to limit production. It is thus that he redefines the Sherman Act's phrase "restraints of trade" to fit the facts of what economists have called "oligopoly." He cites instance after instance—glass bottles, tobacco, meat-packing, milk, flour, cheese, spectacles, gasoline, medical services—in which the agreement of a few powerful corporations as producers or processors gives them control over price and production policy and stifles any competition from the many small units in the industry. Arnold describes them as the "log jams," "toll gates," "bottlenecks" of our economic process. To use an illustration contained in the Department of Justice charges against the Big Four in tobacco, there are at one end three and a half million persons dependent on leaf tobacco for their livelihood, and at the other end three quarters of a million retail distributors of tobacco products; in between these two there are a few big corporations that occupy a strategic place in this industrial territory and are able to levy their toll on grower, jobber, retailer, worker and consumer.

But such a realistic economics is only one of three weapons in the new approach to anti-trust enforcement. The other two are a new strategy of procedure and an enlarged staff. The strategy of procedure consists partly of a new use of the device of grand-jury indictment as a way of forcing restrainers of trade to mend their ways, plus a consent decree when they have submitted a plan of economic organization acceptable to the Anti-Trust Division and the courts. It consists also of a shift of emphasis from private to public suits. In a striking chapter Arnold points out that in the past the Sherman Act has been used mainly when invoked by corporations that had the money and the legal talent to push the suit through. This has meant that instead of being used *against* the controlling corporations, the Sherman Act has been used *by* the controlling corporations against labor, farmers' coöperatives and organizations of small producers. But to do a good job of public prosecution means to make a systematic survey of the industrial system in order to locate the bottlenecks, and then to learn enough about each case both in economic and legal terms to make the charge stick. That means a large staff. Arnold aims at something like the 1,200 people that the SEC has. "You cannot keep order in a nation with a corporal's guard," he says. If I were a Congressman I should vote for increased appropriations to provide him with his army.

I know I have not been able to do justice to Arnold's whole case, but I have said enough to indicate my admira-

[1] The Bottlenecks of Business, by Thurman W. Arnold. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 346 pages. $2.50.

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tion for the vigor and realism of his approach. Yet I must express a set of doubts and caveats some of which may go to the roots of his position.

Let me put them down quite summarily. First, there is Mr. Arnold's recurring praise of traditionalism. He has always poured out his scorn on moralists and reformers. He speaks here as a government official who accepts the limits within which he has to do his work. Those limits are free-market capitalism, the main lines of the governmental tradition, and the accepted ideas of the American people. I don't know how much of this may be tongue-in-cheek irony. But if Arnold be taken seriously, he is in effect saying that there can be no radical innovation in government and no fundamental changes through education. I should not in any way object if he were to say, "My job as government official limits me to working within the accustomed limits of American opinion"; although even on that score I might point out that his chief, President Roosevelt, has done a first-rate job of economic and administrative education. But his book goes farther and says, in effect, that any except a traditionalist realism is unworthy of comment.

Let me, second, and by way of illustration of the above, refer to Arnold's simple and yet suggestive discussion of the use of court procedures as against administrative tribunals in government. If you have a broad job to do, he says, involving the use of a general formula, such as "restraint of trade" or "due process," in its application to specific cases, then use the courts. If you have a specific job to do like regulating the bituminous coal industry, use an administrative commission. The reason is mainly that the courts are a great positive symbol in the popular mind, and administrative bodies are still a negative symbol. This seems to make sense. Yet I should like to differ with Arnold. The Anti-Trust Division used legal tribunals for almost fifty years with hardly any results: it was only Arnold's vision in seeing the need for a large administrative staff of experts and a new administrative strategy of which court processes form a part which has led to its renascence. And on the NLRB, which tries to apply a general formula of collective bargaining to specific cases, a new commissioner, William Leiserson, is now urging that there has been too much emphasis on lawyers and legal procedures and not enough on expert administrative processes. Whoever is right, Mr. Arnold must understand that regardless of symbolism, the path of government advance lies away from the omniscience of judges to the *expertise* of administrators—like himself.

There is, third, the question of his attitude toward trade unions. I am not one of those who regards Mr. Arnold as a labor-baiter. If the bottleneck conception is once admitted and collusive price-and-production practices limiting the freedom of the market are viewed as the essence of monopoly, then trade unions cannot be left out of the picture. It is well known that there are American trade unions that have adopted the philosophy and tactics of American big business, just as there are some trade unions that are the instruments of racketeers. It would be strange if this were not so. Mr. Arnold's case against the building-trades unions, for example, is a persuasive one. Yet I should have welcomed in his book a clearer statement that the building trades are marginal to trade unionism rather than characteristic of it, and a recognition of the dangers that in other hands than his own may attend such an anti-trust conception.

This leads to my fourth doubt about Mr. Arnold's position: his basic middle-class outlook. There is a sort of "plague on both their houses" attitude on Arnold's part toward business and labor. He regards both as threats to a free market, and in a chapter on "The Rise of the Consumer Movement" he tried to find some base for his efforts in consumers' interests and consumers' organization. I do not think he succeeds. It is a truism that we are all consumers, but each of us is primarily something else. I should myself be more sympathetic to a functional nationalism which made the national welfare itself the basic objective. And such a nationalism would emphasize a strong and productive labor movement as one of its essential parts. Arnold comes closest to evolving a broad national (not just consumer or middle-class) view in his brilliant treatment of restraint-of-trade prosecutions as related to national defense. Here he seems to me to be dead right, and the Knudsen-Stettinius group dead wrong.

I end with a comment on Arnold's general economic conceptions. There are, he says, only two methods of distributing goods—the free market, and the military or authoritarian system. If he means what he says here, I must dissent strongly. Between the free-market conceptions of the economists from 1890 to 1940 and the authoritarian economies of either Germany or Russia there are a whole variety of intermediate and new forms which it is our function to explore. America today is no longer a free-market economy: it is a form of democratic state capitalism, trying to minimize the area of state control but moving steadily toward an ever wider area. In this movement Mr. Arnold's ideas and procedures in enforcing the Sherman Act are part of a far-flung strategy of government control of industry. For him to say that he wants only to restore the free market may be good rhetoric and may strengthen his position. But it does not alter the fact that through him the American people are today taking a major hand in determining price and production policies. This is all to the good. But when Mr. Arnold condemns other elements in the government's economic strategy, and particularly when he rules out further movement toward economic planning, he is allowing his sense of the importance of his own job to obscure its place in the general campaign. MAX LERNER

The Death-Wish

It being in this life forbidden to move
Too lightly, people, overcautious, contrive
To save their lives by weighting them with dead
Habits, hopes, beliefs, anything not alive,
Till all this ballast of unreality sinks
The boat and all our thinking gurgles down
Into the deep sea that never thinks.

Which being so, it is not surprising that
Some in their impatience jump the rails,
Refusing to wait the communal failure, preferring
The way the madman or the meteor fails,
Deceiving themselves to think their death uncommon,
Avid to possess the unpossessable sea
As a man in spring desires to die in woman.

LOUIS MACNIECE

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Both Sides of the China Sea

Restless Wave: An Autobiography, by Haru Matsui. New York: Modern Age Books. 252 pages. $2.50.
Girl Rebel: The Autobiography of Hsieh Pingying. Translated by Adet and Anor Lin. New York: The John Day Company. 288 pages. $2.

APART FROM THE COINCIDENCE of their publication in the same season, there are certain striking and significant resemblances between these two autobiographies, one of a Japanese, the other of a Chinese woman.

Both are still young. Both are educated but had to struggle for their education. For both, the struggle began in the family and meant wounding beloved members of the family. By both, their emancipation as women, their right to "own choice" love was seen as part of a larger struggle against a composite of social injustices. Finally, both are enemies of Japanese imperialism—Haru Matsui, because she knows how it has victimized the people of Japan, as ardently as Hsieh Pingying, who has seen gutted houses after a bombardment and the corpses in an occupied Chinese village.

In Miss Matsui's book, one of the most interesting portraits is that of her father, a college professor of good family, who wishes to be advanced without being headlong, and to establish a dignified and working balance of the harmonizable values of the native "old" and the alien "new." He accepted the alien "new" value of Western education, even for his daughters, but rejected its consequence when he found that Haru had become a woman equipped for, and dissatisfied without, an ampler and freer life than was offered by traditional marriage. Except that poor Mr. Matsui's motives, if short-winded, were not ignoble, one can see reflected here the general course of the Japanese ruling class, which has sought to measure and limit Japanese contact with the West, cutting it off at the point where it ceased to strengthen Japanese imperialism and began to take the form of "dangerous thoughts." It remains to be seen which part of Western culture will prove more dangerous to Japan—the democratic part that it has now rejected, or the part that has brought Japan stock markets, booms, panics, "manifest destiny" and the present war with China.

Miss Pingying's adversary was her mother, as is typical of China. (Miss Matsui's mother and stepmother had died young, fading out, it almost seemed, to demonstrate the Japanese woman's traditional submissiveness to man.) Pingying's mother ruled the household with a matriarchal hand, was the most vigilant sentinel of traditions in her village, and the most ruthless executor of its commands. Pingying was an example of an equally determined and devoted spirit in the new generation. She had to fight for her schooling, fight off being crippled by foot-binding, fight to escape the servitude of a loveless marriage. She was actually imprisoned by her family for many months, attempted three escapes, and finally got away by pretending capitulation and entering a husband's household that was less well guarded than her own. The book closes with entries from the diary she kept while serving at the front against Japan, following earlier service as a "girl soldier" in the 1928 campaign against the native war lords. Reading these day-to-day jottings one understands why the "easy" venture of the Japanese militarists is proving so hard. The spirit and energy released by the revolution in China are formidable. Ancient effete China disappears as we read. A strong young people speaks in her book.

Since I have dwelt on the resemblances in these two autobiographies, it is time to mention the differences, which are as great in manner as they are in scene. Miss Matsui's book is gentle; it is told in a style that hovers upon translation, not in the awkward sense, but in the sense of reproducing a grace that is specifically Japanese as well as being personal. "Restless Wave" has an added interest for us, since Miss Matsui has been living in the United States for ten years, and reports sensitively on the differences in two worlds.

Miss Pingying's book, on the other hand, is notable for its unaffected candor and vigor. It is a story of struggle and the only softening notes are those of battle comradeship. It has the very style of conflict—terseness and tension. "Girl Rebel" is valuable for giving a feeling of what is happening in China in its essence. We are fortunate to have these two unusual books together.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Mr. Butler Remembers

Across the Busy Years: Recollections and Reflections, Vol. II, by Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 483 pages. $3.75.

THE SECOND VOLUME of President Butler's autobiography again shows us the astonishing range of his acquaintance, which not even Lady Oxford can approach, including Bismarck, Gladstone, Newman, Leo XIII, the Kaiser, Mussolini, Masaryk, Stresemann, Briand, Clemenceau and the like without number. Here again we see the quick wits, the ready and competent facility with which he has circulated in the world and heartily enjoyed circulating. The volume reveals that "Lincoln's most famous letter," to Mrs. Bixby, was not written by Lincoln but by John Hay; that the Kellogg Pact originated essentially with Dr. Butler himself, against Kellogg's original opposition; also Dr. Butler's part in terminating the Allies' post-war occupation of the Rhineland; with other bits of unknown history, interesting glimpses of such men as Lloyd George, Asquith, Morley, Balfour, Haldane, and tales of some distinguished dinner clubs of New York. We thank him for Patrick Murphy's *mot:* "Youth would be more interesting if it came later in life." Altogether a cheerful and far-ranging book, not deep but wide.

His early advocacy of according Cabinet officers the right to seats on the floor of the House and Senate; of combining the War and Navy Departments into a single Department of National Defense; and excellent remarks on reforming the primary system and the mode of reference of constitutional amendments to state legislatures for ratification are solidly worth reading. Consciousness of the more fundamental needs of society and education or penetrating portraiture of his eminent personages must be sought elsewhere.

DICKINSON S. MILLER

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Why France Fell

J'Accuse! The Inside Story of the Men Who Betrayed the French Nation, by André Simone. New York: The Dial Press. 354 pages. $2.50.

THE COLLAPSE of the Third Republic is an event of such magnitude that no doubt many years will pass before the complete story is told, and before its implications are fully realized. This event also raises immediate issues. No country on the European continent was closer to us, in spirit and institutions. At least a clear outline of the causes that led to the disaster is urgently needed here, particularly since dishonest and patently interested interpretations are already being circulated. Thus, an indictment of Léon Blum's "New Deal" seems to have become a part of the Republican platform.

"J'Accuse" is the first of the many books that will deal with the subject. It was written, we are told, "in a white heat of anger," by a Paris journalist who left France after the surrender. As he was well acquainted with French government officials, it is no more than natural that his account should center on personalities. France, M. Simone maintains, was not beaten by Hitler, but "destroyed from within by a Fifth Column with the most powerful connections in the government, big business, the state administration and the army." A great national heritage was ruined by treacherous politicians who began their nefarious work long before the war.

By far the greater part of M. Simone's book rehearses the already familiar sequence of events between Hitler's accession to power and the opening of hostilities and unsparingly portrays the principal characters: Laval, Daladier, Herriot, Chautemps and Blum. The last chapter rapidly reviews the course of the war and paints a dark picture of a France worm-eaten by traitors, disorganized by internecine quarrels, and demoralized by the censorship and propaganda which were controlled by enemies of democracy. The last-minute "saviors" of France who had been so undeservedly turned into heroes by a large section of the American press are shown in their true light: Reynaud, a man more impulsive than energetic, completely ignorant of social problems and tied to the apron strings of his middle-aged mistress; Pétain, the aged marshal, publicized as a French national hero, but actually respected only in higher Catholic circles; and General Weygand whom Reynaud called to fight Hitler, though he had been the head of the pro-Hitler Cagoulards.

Nobody will deny the justice or necessity of M. Simone's anger. But as soon as the actions of the unattractive gallery of characters are examined more closely, we are impressed not so much by their villainy as by their sordid mediocrity. Not even in the diabolical sense is there a trace of greatness in the various Daladiers, Lavals and Reynauds who ruled France. To be sure, some of them were outright traitors—petty ones, to judge by their rewards; most of them were routine politicians, miserable opportunists so intent on steering a course among opposing social and political currents and satisfying their petty ambitions that they had no time for larger problems. It is difficult to ascribe a crime as gigantic as the ruin of a nation to these contemptible pygmies.

Any attempt to pin the responsibility for a great event on definite individuals is disappointing; it stems from a primitive conception of historic causality. In this case, however, the mediocrity, the impersonality of the actors is so striking that we are irresistibly led beyond that conception, to consider the political system which made possible and inevitable a government by mediocrities. The truth is that every group, every party that had any influence in shaping the destiny of France is involved in the "guilt"; the army, the bureaucracy, the press, the Church, the parties of the Right and those of the Left. None of them, in the hour of greatest danger for France, rose above its own special interests.

This national defeatism on the part of the ruling class is nothing new. The history of France in the nineteenth century is articulated by crises resulting from attempts to carry out the promises inherent in the revolution of 1789, and to transform formal freedom into real freedom. The predecessors of the Lavals, Flandins and Pétains were always on the other side of the barricades, often at the expense of the national interest. The Third Republic, born of these struggles, seemed outwardly to have created a framework for the orderly progress of democracy. In fact this Republic survived by dint of constant compromise; control of public affairs remained firmly in the hands of the financial oligarchy. But after 1918, solutions by compromise became gradually less possible, and again and again France was faced by crucial alternatives. In 1919, the problem of French security could have been solved once and for all, if the German revolution had been allowed to run its course. Clemenceau preferred to grant machine guns to the Prussian reactionaries. Later, by organizing her overseas empire, France could have become a power at least as strong as Germany; but this would have involved the abolition of the colonial system, and the French ruling class preferred to remain weak and rely on alliances. Pursuing the same policy, this class helped to destroy the Weimar Republic, to murder Austrian socialism and to maintain Italian fascism. By failing to support the Loyalists in the Spanish civil war, France missed the last opportunity for paving the way toward a peaceful reorganization of Europe. This time the alternative was between a Labor government and vassalage. Vassalage was chosen and France became a second-class power leaning on British support, while a group of French politicians hoped to transform their country into a satellite of Germany.

Even after the war began last September, all was not yet lost. By giving the war a democratic character, by creating a People's Army under a Labor government, France could have been victorious. Rather than accept the social consequences of a revolutionary war, the ruling class chose passivity. Their purpose was not to smash Nazism and all it stands for, but merely to teach Hitler a lesson and perhaps divert his fury to Soviet Russia. In the end, ironically enough, an imaginary revolution sufficed to throw the leaders of the Republic into the arms of the enemy. M. Simone relates that a few days before the surrender, the mere rumor of a Communist uprising in Paris caused Weygand to demand an immediate request for armistice. A hundred and fifty years of resistance to the living forces of France were thus brought to a logical and ignominious conclusion.

NORBERT GUTERMAN

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Why England Slept

Why England Slept, by John F. Kennedy. New York: Wilfred Funk. 282 pages. $2.

MR. KENNEDY'S is probably the first book that tries to distribute the blame for Britain's inefficiency in diplomacy and military preparedness among the British people generally. This is a bold departure from the common rule, and the author believes that writers who refuse to take it are fooling their countrymen as well as themselves. He tells them that by blindly concentrating their attacks on the fascist tendencies of certain British leaders and on the economic interests of Britain's business men, they have ignored the most vital elements in the constitution of a democracy. Such writings, he implies, have put "the people" in a privileged position they should never occupy if they are to survive as free men: they have been given an ivory tower of natural goodness set completely apart from the duplicity and timidity of their leaders.

English history is impressive with the rebellious spirit of the people against unpopular acts by their governments, but Mr. Kennedy sees that spirit as having been absent through most of the pre-war period. It was absent either because it had gradually shriveled away or because the people believed there was no need to exercise it. In fact, Mr. Kennedy believes, these alternatives existed side by side and served, respectively, as passive and active supports of apathy and appeasement in the government. To overlook the heavy blame that lies on the shoulders of the Baldwin and Chamberlain groups, he recognizes as absurd. "But given the conditions of democratic government, a free press, public elections, and a Cabinet responsible to Parliament and thus to the people, given rule by the majority, it is unreasonable to blame the entire situation on one man or group." Appeasement and reluctance to rearm were a national disease, born out of intense pacifism, bewilderment, false optimism *and* bad leadership. Had it been otherwise the elections of 1935 would have rid the country of an unrepresentative government.

To prove his points Mr. Kennedy quotes freely from leaders of all parties in the past ten years. He cites Labor's opposition to "competitive armaments" and "unilateral rearmament." He implies that this opposition was due not so much to mistrust of government policy and the use to which arms might be put (against Russia, for example), as to the fact that Labor and Liberal politicians were against rearming *on principle* and believed, quite rightly, that their voters shared in this belief. It was a principle which persisted even after the invasion of Czecho-Slovakia, when Léon Blum attacked "the contradiction between the opposition of Labor to the Cabinet [for not doing enough to oppose Hitler] and its opposition to conscription." Strong financial circles, for other reasons, equally resented the intrusion of military demands into normal business, while as late as September, 1938, the Dominion leaders warned that they "were unwilling to become involved in any struggle that appeared to them primarily European."

For all its criticisms of Labor this is not a rich man's book, and the flaws in its summing-up of Labor's attitude should not be accepted as deliberate. One of these flaws lies in citing statements which do not suggest all of their background and context. The strong feeling of reluctance on all sides to turn the country into a military machine is well impressed and generally fairly told, but more attention might have been given to the numerous reasons the opposition had for developing an ineradicable mistrust of the Tory leaders. And, in the one brief reference to French unpreparedness in the air, to say that it was "due to labor troubles, hangovers from the Blum Socialist government," is evidence of a tendency to make the picture complete without always properly studying its components.

The fact is that any more exact distribution of blame must await a much bigger book than this. But it is hard to deny the general thesis, and regardless of whether or not we do so there remains the question of whether or not a capitalist democracy can compose its internal warring in time to meet an outside danger. Mr. Kennedy asks if agreement can ever be reached between capital and labor before it is too late to prepare democracy for its own preservation. And will belief in such myths as the "bluff" of the dictators, their inability to coöperate over a long period and their nearness to bankruptcy recur in one form or another despite the spread of their conquests? Will theories of limited warfare, of paper Maginot Lines and confidence in superior "potential" strength and the winning of "the last battle" continue to permit people to turn their eyes away from what should be a constant fear, and so encourage their own deception by interested politicians? As yet no one can answer this question for the United States: all Mr. Kennedy can do—and he does it well—is give a frightening example of the tangle of popular stress and strain, of reluctance and false hope, of muddle and evasion, that has generally typified contemporary democracy in its search for safety.

NIGEL DENNIS

Easy Come

Sullivan, by Clyde Brion Davis. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 279 pages. $2.50.

SULLIVAN" starts out with quite a fast purposeful motion, when a newspaperman bumming West to get clear of Chicago, where he caught his bride doing guess what, joins up with a genial snide going the same way in a jalopy. They go to interesting bars and meet interesting people, and the writing is open and easy. In fact, you are halfway through before you see that Mr. Davis doesn't quite have a story to tell, and begins piecing the episodes out with a practical experiment in levitation, with talk about the social set-up and more talk about Yogi. He ends up by throwing all three and some old pairs of socks into the same bag—a resolution and series of speeches about if you're sorry it doesn't count, and about the American masses in the New Deal revolution, and how this applies to making yourself float in the air—which Lionel Strongfort Sullivan, the art-layout man and unhappy cuckold, has succeeded in doing by cell-control.

All right, I didn't make it up.

But it's nice to meet the people and hear them crack back and forth; there's a lot of the American road in it; and as I say, up until the final rigor mortis the pages practically turn themselves. It will do.

OTIS FERGUSON

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A Reader's List

SIX CAME BACK: The Arctic Adventure of David L. Brainard, edited by Bessie Rowland James (Bobbs, Merrill, $3). In the summer of 1881 Lieutenant Adolphus Greeley was sent north with a party of twenty-four men to establish a meteorological station in Lady Franklin Bay. For the next two years, what must seem half-hearted attempts by relief expeditions failed to reach him. In 1883 the party, discouraged, weakened, disunited in spirit, began its retreat—and in the Arctic, retreat under such conditions almost inevitably means disaster. The present book is the first publication, in complete form, of the day-by-day diary of one of the survivors. Moving in itself, it is an important addition to Arctic literature.

TWO FRONTIERS OF FREEDOM, by John Corbin (Scribner's, $3.50). A ponderous attack on the principles of democratic government, which is identified with mob rule and accused of causing all our troubles. Mr. Corbin advises us to return to the balanced republic wanted by the framers of the Constitution, to curb the masses and to submit to the leadership of a "natural aristocracy." The nature of this "aristocracy" is not quite clear, but he seems to mean the big business men.

THE ALL AMERICAN FRONT, by Duncan Aikman (Doubleday, Doran, $3). A popular introduction to Latin American problems by a crack journalist who knows just what you want to find out, and tells you. New, revised edition, brought up to date in terms of the situation since the Havana Conference.

BRITAIN'S DESIGNS ON NORWAY: The full text of White Book No. 4 published by the German Foreign Office (German Library of Information). Hitler says somewhere that the bigger the lie, the easier it is to get people to believe it. But this doesn't mean that no little tricks are required to make this principle effective. This time, a sensational title and preface are followed by documents that are perhaps authentic but definitely uninteresting. They prove at best that Britain's realization of Hitler's plans came too late. The point is that you are not expected to read the documents, but only to be impressed by their presence.

A HISTORY OF ECONOMIC IDEAS, by Edmund Whittaker (Longmans, Green, $4). The best general introduction we have to the history of economic thought, although that is not saying a great deal, since there is nothing in this field comparable to Sabine's "History of Political Thought." The author divides economics into various branches, and devotes a chapter to tracing the history of each. This has its merits, but it makes the book exceedingly choppy. There are plentiful and delightful quotations from the authors examined.

Fiction

WEEVIL IN THE COTTON, by Samuel Milton Elam (Stokes, $2). A novel about shysters in the South who take over a town by framing a "race riot," and then dream of taking over the state. The story clicks right along on its four main heels, but overreaches itself on the tough side and falls short of probability.

MOON TIDE, by Willard Robertson (Carrick and Evans, $2.50). The waterfront of San Pedro, a Japanese-owned bait barge, a Swedish sailor, and his girl; around it a concise, impressionistic tale of love and death, strongest in its sad moods. The style, a bit Faulkner, and a bit mannered, carries a haunting, dark kind of suspense.

BUT WHO WAKES THE BUGLER? by Peter De Vries (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). A tale of what you might call quimsey, with a poached-egg hero, a determined blonde and a boarding-house full of no doubt ludicrous types. There is a Mr. Thwing and a Mr. Thwackhurst and are you holding your sides yet?

FIRE WALL, by Alan Clark (Random House, $2). Some fairly Eugene O'Neill New Englanders in a motorcycle club and acts of violence, including sex. From the style of writing, which is nervous, elliptical, it is hard to know who is doing which and with what and to whom.

TAKE THE LIGHTNING, by Nancy Wilson Ross (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). A young, emotional painter exchanges in good time her liquor-loving, bohemian boy friend for a husband who is a mature psychologist and understands and solves her problems. Not very problematic, but done honestly, with a fine flair for dialogue, and good descriptions of small-town college life.

THE CANYON, by Peter Viertel (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). A nice first novel about a young boy growing up in California. His pals include Perfecto, a Mexican kid, and Keetcheye, a tough little Indian; his adventures are not in the least on the genteel side. Simply and clearly told.

JOHN BROWN'S COUSIN, by Jane Hutchens (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Portrait of a man with a principle. Henry Brown is a pacifist who keeps himself out of the Civil War, his grandson out of the World War and his Missouri neighbors pretty steadily out of temper. Some knowing glimpses of a stiff-necked countryside.

HOLD BACK THE DAWN, by Ketti Frings (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, $2.50). In Tiajuana, Mexico, on the California border, the German refugees mark time, waiting for quota numbers that may or may not show up. Their case would be pitiful even if Miss Frings didn't make them very human, which she does. A moving and disturbing book, written in clipped, vivid sentences.

Contributors

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ALBERT VITON was formerly The Nation's Near East correspondent and has spent much time in Palestine and the Near East. His most recent book is "Britain: An Empire in Transition."

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LOUIS MACNEICE is the author of "Poems," and, with W. H. Auden, "Letters from Iceland." His most recent book is "Autumn Journal," published by Random House.

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